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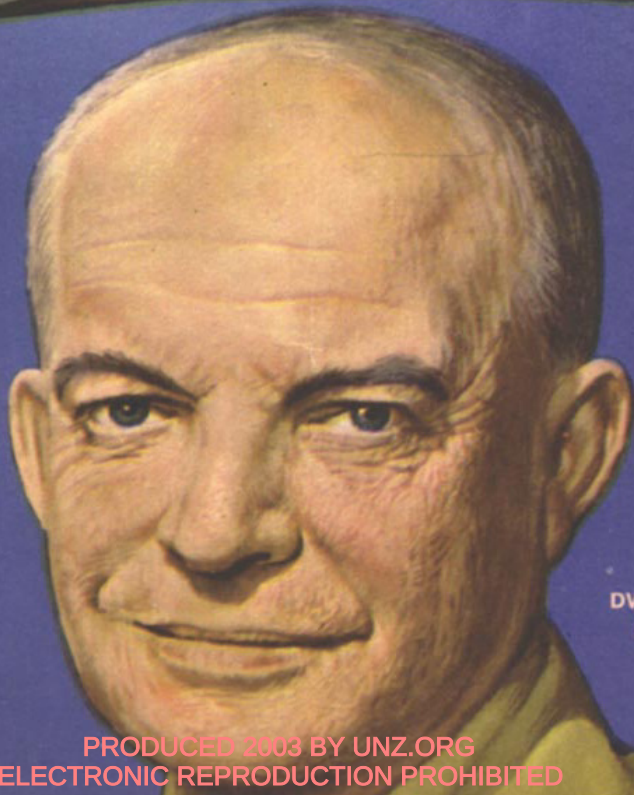
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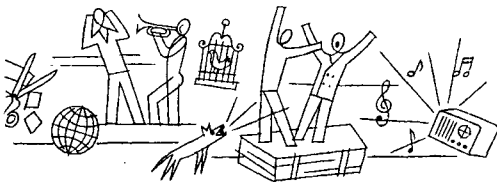
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THE FUTURE
DWIGHT EISE

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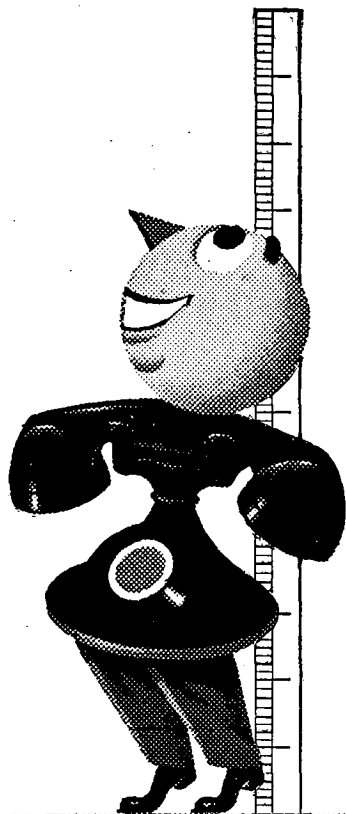
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There will also be the usual departments: The Theatre, Down to Earth, The Soap Box, the Open Forum, the Skeptics' Corner, The Library, the Check List of New Books, and the Record Cabinet.

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AM 4-48

THE CHECK LIST

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

YOUR NEWSPAPER, *Blueprint for a Better Press*, by Nine Nieman Fellows, 1945-46 (Leon Svirsky, Editor). \$2.75. Macmillan. The nine co-authors of this survey have attempted to diagnose the most palpable ills of the American press and then proposed a model newspaper of their own conception. Though their critique is lively in style and surprisingly provocative in dealing with such shopworn topics as "yellow press" sensationalism, news slanting and corrupt political reporting, their contentions occasionally fail to jibe. At one point they remark that "a political reporter is not writing — as some seem to assume — for a small and elect . . . clique. . . . He should deliberately try to reach the widest audience by spelling out the simplest political facts repeatedly"; while at another the press is criticized for operating "on the assumption that the average level of intelligence . . . of its readers is that of a twelve-year-old." Moreover, their enlightened plea for impartial news coverage carries less conviction when they recommend greater emphasis on "news favorable to the Russians" as a means of effecting a relaxation in Soviet censorship. Their "blueprint," which envisages a newspaper that is "as much fun to read as a good novel," in which all news will be made interesting, rewriting of reporters' copy abolished and rigorous objectivity miraculously teamed with the maximum in editorial interpretation of every news item, sounds well-intentioned, but quixotic.

FREE TRADE — FREE WORLD, by Oswald Garrison Villard. \$3.00. *Robert Schalkenbach Foundation*. Mr. Villard wrote this re-statement of the liberal position on tariffs at a time when the United States was finally taking measures to develop freer trade relations, but the rest of the world was drifting more and more in the direction of state control over foreign trade. This altered world situation has not caused many changes in Mr. Villard's position. Tariffs, he still argues, are bad because they are class legislation, they cause wars, they depress living standards

(Continued on page 503)

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Let's remember little kids like this before we say unkind things about the colors, creeds, and national origins of the people of this land.

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Don't let that happen to our *kids*. Watch your words, your actions, your attitudes.

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The American Mercury

THE FUTURE OF DWIGHT EISENHOWER

BY

DONALD ROBINSON

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER is no longer a candidate for President in 1948, but he does not intend to withdraw from public life. The machine politicians of both parties, who are cordially detested by Eisenhower, were delighted when he wrote last January, "I am not available for and could not accept nomination to high office." But there was another passage in his statement that many of them overlooked: he also pledged himself "to work the more diligently for America, her youth, her veterans, and all her citizens, and for the continuance of peace."

The men who know Eisenhower

intimately know that this was a good deal more than pious rhetoric. Unlike General William Tecumseh Sherman, whose emphatic declination of the Presidency in 1884 ended his public life, Eisenhower is fiercely interested in politics. His friends know that he will not use the postage-stamp Columbia campus, to which he has now moved, as a retreat. They expect him to talk up often and vigorously, on social as well as military matters, on both domestic and international issues. In fact, they are counting on Eisenhower to exert a greater influence on the public than he has so far. In future years they expect him to

DONALD ROBINSON was a member of General Eisenhower's staff on SHAEF during the war, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. His most recent contribution to THE AMERICAN MERCURY was a profile of "Secretary of Defense Forrester," which appeared in last month's issue. His book, *Spotlight on a Union*, was published recently by the Dial Press.

emerge as one of the four or five most influential personalities in the country, with his academic background serving to take the political curse off his military past. Furthermore, they point out, 1952 is only four years away.

Eisenhower comes to the helm of Columbia University with his enormous wartime prestige virtually untarnished and his poor record as Army Chief of Staff not publicly known. His Presidential ambitions have been temporarily frustrated, but his political naïveté has been cured, his fighting dander roused and his liberalism fully matured.

The man's military and diplomatic achievements during hostilities — the executive ability he showed in welding the forces of twelve nations into one magnificent martial team, the genius with which he successfully handled such prima donnas as Churchill, De Gaulle, Darlan and Queen Wilhelmina, to say nothing of Roosevelt, the strategic talents he displayed in personally planning the Normandy invasion, the Battle of the Ruhr and the sundering of Germany — were genuinely superb and fully merit him the hero's mantle the country has laid on him.

It is true, of course, that his subsequent record as Chief of Staff was a poor one. Indeed, some high Defense officials privately assert that he was the worst Chief of Staff in Army history. He made practically no major decisions and in consequence the Army stagnated. Demobilization was

carried through, but that was entirely the result of arrangements previously drafted by General Marshall. Eisenhower's fifteen-month term saw the morale of the Army sag to a dangerously low level, the National Guard maintained in an amorphous state and the Reserves scandalously sabotaged. Eisenhower did perform well "on the hill" — acting as the Army's star spokesman whenever any military measure encountered Congressional opposition — but he did very little else to help build the country's postwar defenses. However, as some of his friends commented, "You can't really blame him. He was concentrating more on the White House than on his third floor desk in the Pentagon."

II

That, for many a long day, General Eisenhower did have serious hopes of becoming President of the United States in 1949 is certain. He might well have realized that ambition, too, had he not been incredibly untutored in regard to American politics and politicians. He wanted the Presidency; but he wanted it on impossible conditions. He wanted to get it without having to play partisan politics. He said as much to a representative of the Democratic National Committee who visited him early in 1946. This was at a time when President Truman's stock was at an all-time low, when it was not at all certain that he would seek re-election. The Democratic party official was unofficially

inquiring if the General would be interested in the Democratic nomination.

"No, I would not be interested," Eisenhower declared at first. "I want to work for peace and I feel that I would lose whatever influence I have if I went into politics."

"But you would be in a position to do even more if you were in the White House," the politician argued.

"You may be right at that," Eisenhower conceded, after a thoughtful pause.

"How about it then?," he was asked. "Do you want to run for the Presidency?"

"I would do it on one condition," said Eisenhower. "I would do it if both parties nominated me."

The Democrat threw up his hands in disgust and departed.

Eisenhower eventually learned, of course, that his chances for the Presidency lay with one party, and that that party had to be the Republican, inasmuch as Truman's nomination had become a certainty. What he could not get to understand, though, was that Presidential aspirants have to make use of party apparatus, that local bosses must be given certain promises in the way of patronage and policy before they will deliver their delegates at the convention. When the Gallup Poll showed in September that 35 per cent of the American people wanted him to run, and that if he did run 48 per cent would vote for him as against only 39 per cent for Truman, he had dreams of being "the people's

choice," untethered to any politicians or pre-election pledges.

The most accurate statement of his views was put out by his close friend, Roy A. Roberts, president of the Kansas City *Star*. Disregarding Eisenhower's repeated disclaimers of political ambition, Roberts wrote: "[If] for the first time in history, there was an honest-to-God draft that came from the people without conniving and intrigue, I believe the General would accept. . . ."

Meanwhile, however, Eisenhower was receiving several rude lessons in the science of politics. A number of Republicans, concerned lest his growing popularity head off their special favorites, started a mud-slinging campaign against him. So did certain Democrats who were worried over the threat he posed to Truman.

Eisenhower's most painful lesson in political realities took place last November, after he had attended a dinner party given for a group of prominent Republicans at a swanky F Street Club in Washington. Coffee-time conversation touched on national problems, and Eisenhower, who likes to talk — some friends say that any conversation with him is a monologue — remarked that it was up to the industrialists of this country, as the leaders of the national economy, to stop the current inflationary spiral. They could do it readily, he said, by jointly and voluntarily agreeing to forego all profits for a year.

Some of the guests at the dinner — they included Joseph Grundy, G.

Mason Owlett, a top aide to Joseph Pew, and Senators Taft, Vandenberg and Martin — fed the story to the press, and, according to Eisenhower, deliberately distorted it. At their behest Fulton Lewis went on the air and a number of columnists rushed to their typewriters to report that Eisenhower had demanded Congress pass a law taxing all corporation profits 100 per cent. In many quarters of the Republican party the General was branded a wild-eyed radical. It upset him. Reports that the Democrats were digging hard for material to smear him with also bothered him.

But he still did not abandon his hopes for the Presidency. Just a few days before he retired from the race, he told one of his associates: "I know the machine politicians don't want me. They think that I wouldn't play ball with them, and they're right. But if 40 million people were to demand that I run, they'd have to accede, wouldn't they?"

The awakening finally came. Friends persuaded him that he had no chance. In addition, his close friend, General Omar Bradley, told him that his political maneuvers were not only hurting his own prestige but that of the Army. This was a particularly sore spot with him, since he feels that charges of "the Army trying to take over the Government" are untrue and injurious to the Service. (He has continually protested that most of the military men recently appointed to high offices have not sought the job; that, instead, they have been drafted

by President Truman. Lieutenant-General Walter Bedell Smith, Eisenhower has said, objected strenuously, but in vain, to his designation as Ambassador to Russia.) Eisenhower, in the words of the *New York Times* "a troubled man," at last decided to say no.

"It is my conviction," he wrote in a public letter to Leonard Finder, a New Hampshire publisher, "that the necessary and wise subordination of the military to the civil power will be best sustained and our people will have greater power that it is so sustained when lifelong professional soldiers in the absence of some obvious and overriding reasons abstain from seeking high political office."

III

As president of Columbia, Eisenhower will have a perfect rostrum for saying what he thinks, when he thinks and to whom he thinks best, and he will make ample use of it. Professional politicians were puzzled by some aspects of the General's appointment at Columbia. The politicians were especially confused by the fact that his backers for the university post (and also, so it is said, for the White House) included, on the right, Thomas J. Watson, president of the International Business Machines Corporation, and, to the left, such ardent New Dealers as Anna Rosenberg, Judge Samuel Rosenman and Robert E. Sherwood.

Actually, there should be no confusion about his political beliefs.

Eisenhower has given frequent indications that, to quote his brother Milton, his thinking "runs along progressive lines." He is not by any means a New Deal militant, but he is a liberal. Sub-standard wages and racial intolerance infuriate him.

During the war, when other "brass hats" were openly chafing over the strike situation, Eisenhower took time out to write CIO president Philip Murray of his "complete confidence in American workers." He publicly thanked a group of AFL and CIO leaders, who visited him at SHAEF, for organized labor's splendid production record. In his dealings with labor groups in the liberated countries, Eisenhower insisted that the Nazi-dispersed trade unions be given every encouragement in their efforts at reorganization.

A year and a half ago, he made it a point to accept an invitation to address the annual CIO convention, even though it meant rejecting requests from other groups. Recalling how he had once had to work 84 hours a week in a Kansas creamery, he lauded the CIO for improving working conditions throughout the country. At the same time, he warned the delegates against any action that might weaken private enterprise.

Recently, Eisenhower privately expressed his views on labor along these lines: It is magnificent, he thinks, that trade unions have been able to develop as they have in the past few years in the United States. He believes they have given workers a sense

of dignity and security, and is sure that the nation would have been the loser had this growth of the labor movement not occurred. Prior to the trend toward mass unionism in the middle thirties, he feels, big industry was too powerful and took advantage of its power.

These views might appear hackneyed and platitudinous coming from any civilian, but they demonstrate how distant Eisenhower's thinking is from that of most Army bigwigs (not excluding General Marshall), who have only an undisguised dislike for "those labor agitators."

There is nothing equivocal about Eisenhower's views on race prejudice. He discarded the Army's "Jim Crow" tradition by assigning Negroes alongside of white soldiers in some combat outfits. Not long ago, he went out of his way to support a drive for contributions to the United Jewish Appeal. No word, he said, could "exaggerate the urgency" of the need for help to Jewish DPs. "Only one who has seen, as I have, the mental and physical effects of savagery, repression and bigotry upon the persecuted of Europe," he stated, "can realize the full need for . . . material help and encouragement. . . ."

Last January, in the course of an extemporaneous talk in New York City, Eisenhower stated his theory of democracy. "Democracy, by whatever definition we give," said this soldier, "includes a concept of the dignity of the individual, his right to work for himself and keep for himself

the products of his toil, subject to some taxes, of course. It includes a willingness to live by the will of the majority. . . ."

IV

Like many liberals, Eisenhower has occasionally been seduced by his own idealism. Even his best friends admit, in this regard, that his original views on Russia were considerably less than prescient. Former Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, for instance, credits him with the postwar declaration that "Russia now had all she could digest and her present problems would keep her busy until long after we were dead." This conviction was repeated by the Chief of Staff long after most responsible administration officials were openly concerned over Soviet expansion.

On the other hand, it should be noted that Eisenhower did, eventually, come to grips with realities. He was one of the first public figures to endorse the Marshall Plan. Less than 24 hours after the Secretary of State had outlined his program for aid to Europe, Eisenhower was saying in St. Louis:

There is one stark fact in the world today, subject to no argument, requiring no lengthy proof. . . . Without the United States, civilization, as we know it, will perish. Without American aid, guidance and leadership, there is immediate danger of social, political and economic chaos among hundreds of millions.

Human misery, begotten of hunger and want, multiplied by hopelessness, sharpened by fomenters of unrest, cannot long

continue on so vast a scale without collapse of the civilized structure in critical areas. We alone cannot accomplish the world's salvation. We face, moreover, the fact that at least one of the powerful nations does not see eye to eye with us on measures for the stability peace demands. But another's indifference — or even hostility — must not deflect us from the course we deem right.

We do not dictate to any nation what it does internally but we intend to continue the firm champion of those who seek to lead their own lives in peace with world neighbors. They need our help. And in helping those who seek to live in freedom, we are helping ourselves.

In explaining the General's earlier myopia, Eisenhower's friends maintain that he was reluctant at first to speak out against Russian expansionism because of his overwhelming distaste for jingoism and his dread that the Army might be accused of beating the drums for war. There is probably some truth in what they say, too, because Eisenhower has none of the military mentality: he is a firm believer in civilian superiority in government. As for wanting another war, he says: "[My] hopes for the dawn of external peace are possibly more vivid than those of men who have not lived through the nightmare of the battlefield."

It is also undisputed that he has been outspoken in his demands for adequate measures to assure the national defense. He has backed the sale of arms to Canada and the Latin-American nations, unification of the services and the enactment of Universal Military Training. (When one

Congressman alleged that UMT was a step on the road to military dictatorship, he curtly replied, "There is a difference between taking a drink and getting drunk.")

Eisenhower feels, incidentally, that possession of the atomic bomb is no guarantee of victory in a third World War. "We cannot," he holds, "permit complacency or an 'atomic bomb mentality' — a possible modern counterpart of the 'Magenot Line mentality' — to lull us into another post-war apathy." He urges continuous research to keep America militarily and scientifically ahead of any potential enemies. The next war, he believes, "may be won in the laboratory before the issues that cause it [even] rise to the surface."

Despite his frequently iterated hopes for peace, people close to Eisenhower say that he now believes war is probable within the next few years. He does not believe that Russia herself will start a war before she obtains the atomic bomb (he estimates that 1955 will be the year for that) but he suggests that some hothead in the Balkans might set off an explosion much sooner. Significantly, he told a Congressional Committee last June that he did not exclude the possibility of war before July 1948.

What war would mean to President Eisenhower of Columbia University remains to be seen. But he says he has a gentleman's agreement with President Truman and Secretary of Defense Forrestal to return to uniform "any day they say — any time."

For all the honors heaped on Eisenhower — 47 decorations, including the Order of Victory of Russia (but not the Congressional Medal of Honor: unlike General MacArthur, he modestly refused it), seventeen honorary doctorates and a wide assortment of tributes ranging from the freedom of the city of Belfast to a fellowship in the Metropolitan Museum of Art — his head has remained comparatively unswollen. There was some criticism of him in the Pentagon for his alleged Olympian preoccupations; many junior officers complained that, as Chief of Staff, he was inaccessible to them. His propensity for private cars when he travels by rail has also been remarked. But in his contacts with the outside world he still exudes the same charm and warmth. At Washington parties, he is anything but stand-offish. He thrives on good talk; his wife complains that once he gets engrossed in a conversation it is impossible to make him go home.

Fifty-eight years old now, the General has been married for the past 32 years to the former Mamie Geneva Doud, a small, svelte woman with a taste for hats that would surely shock her home town of Boone, Iowa. Their first son died of scarlet fever at the age of three. Their second son, John, is a Regular Army captain. Last January he enrolled as a graduate student at Columbia University.

Outside of an occasional afternoon of golf (he maintains that his score is a military secret; actually it is in the

neighborhood of 100), Eisenhower's greatest relaxation is bridge. His adoration for the game verges on fanaticism. He plays every Sunday evening, and he is good enough to play with partners of Culbertson-Lenz stature. His other great weakness is Western stories, which cannot be too wild, woolly or preposterous for him. When he's ill his aides cannot supply him with enough of them. He has, incidentally, fully recovered from the bursitis that racked his shoulder after V-J Day, though he is still bothered by an arthritic condition.

Despite his fondness for Westerns, Eisenhower is an extremely well-read, well-versed man. One top Washington official, a former college professor, commented on this recently. "I was talking to 'Ike,'" he said, "on current problems in the field of education. I thought I'd give him the benefit of my experience. Well, he taught me plenty. Never have I heard a better, more incisive appraisal of the whole educational question." On Eisenhower's desk in the Pentagon, one day just before he left, were books on American history, the Near East and contemporary economic issues. The General is, by the way, a talented writer himself. Many years ago he even put in a tour of duty as a "ghost" for Assistant Secretary of War Frederick Payne.

At the moment Eisenhower is busy finishing up his wartime memoirs, which he has already sold to the New York *Herald Tribune* for more than \$500,000. He expects, in these mem-

oirs, to answer the charges made against him by Ralph Ingersoll and Colonel Robert S. Allen, both of whom have asserted that victory in Europe was achieved despite, not because of, Eisenhower. Ingersoll built up General Bradley as the "real" hero of the war, and Allen made out a press agent's case for Patton.

Eisenhower is known to have felt their criticism keenly. In private he stresses that it was he and his staff, and no other headquarters, which plotted the over-all strategy that defeated the *Wehrmacht*. He indignantly disputes the statement that his catering to General Montgomery allowed the Germans to escape from the Falaise Gap. Had he ordered Patton to cut over in an attempt to close that gap, he says, he would have been committing murder; Allied troops would have been exposed to Patton's artillery. Eisenhower also rejects the claim that Patton's Third Army could have crashed right through to Berlin if he had not ordered Patton to stop before Metz. He says there was simply not enough gasoline on hand to support further movement by Patton: moreover Patton's thin line of communications would have been chopped off by the Nazis. The trouble with Patton and other self-centered generals like him, as well as with the writers now blurbing their theories, Eisenhower believes, is that they were unable to see the entire picture from their level. At SHAEF, he had to consider the needs not of one army but of seven.

V

Harry Truman smiled happily when he heard that Eisenhower had taken himself out of the 1948 campaign. Governor Dewey, Harold Stassen and Senator Taft heaved huge sighs of relief. Politicians up and down the line were jubilant. Only the friends of the General were downcast, though some of them later perked up. "He's had his political initiation," one of them said. "From now on, he'll be twice the threat to the politicians he was before."

The Eisenhower withdrawal letter certainly did demonstrate how far the General has progressed in his political education. It was a skillful document. Adroitly, he left hanging in the air the question of whether he is a Republican or Democrat. (Actually, he has never voted in all his life. In 1940, he is supposed to have opposed the third term, but in 1944 he supported Roosevelt.) His letter also effectively eliminated General MacArthur, whom he despises, despite his protestations to the contrary. "Nothing in the international or domestic situation," Eisenhower wrote, "especially qualifies for the most important office in the world a man whose adult years have been spent in the country's military forces."

That, everyone agrees, ended any chances MacArthur may have had in 1948 (and by 1952 he will be too old). But it did not damage Eisenhower's prospects. By 1952 he will have four years of civilian activity behind him.

Eisenhower's friends cannot believe that his star will now fade as did those of Alfred E. Smith, Alf Landon and John Nance Garner after their stabs for the Presidency failed. They think that, like Wendell Willkie, he will grow in stature. Their optimism is shared by many ranking labor leaders. As far back as 1946, officials of the CIO Amalgamated Clothing Workers were booming Eisenhower for the White House and they still are. Recently, one of the most progressive leaders of the AFL stated: "While on principle I object to having any military man in the White House, I would have voted for Eisenhower in 1948, and I certainly will back him, if I have the chance, in 1952." Most unionists feel sure that Eisenhower will be a constant, constructive force for liberalism during the next four years. As President of the United States, he would, they say, be a real fighter for peace; he would be even more valuable if war should come. Many are prophesying that he will run for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket.

Eisenhower, of course, is saying nothing about 1952. He is resting on a statement he made some months ago on the occasion of his first visit, as president-elect, to the Columbia University campus. A smart reporter, trying to trap the General into a declaration of political aspirations, asked him whether he would prefer to be called "General" or "President" in his new job. "So long as I live," Eisenhower replied, grinning, "I shall most readily answer to the name of 'Ike.'"

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION

BY CLINTIE WINFREY KENNEY

THEY were the kind of couple best equipped to raise children: above average intelligence, emotionally stable, of adequate means. He was a college professor and she had been a nurse. For three years they had tried unsuccessfully to start a family. Finally, with a growing fear in their minds, they consulted a sterility expert and learned the worst. A child was impossible for them through normal marriage relations. The husband's sperm was defective.

It was the husband who suggested a way out: artificial insemination — the instrument injection of healthy sperm into the female genital tract. His wife agreed, and ten months later she bore a healthy, seven-pound child, fathered by a hand-picked unknown donor.

Their son doesn't know his father is not biologically related to him. His aunts, uncles, grandparents, cousins and friends don't know it. And the parents themselves find it easy to forget their child was artificially inseminated.

"The husband has to pinch himself to remember he didn't father the child

that looks like him and acts like him. He suffered through his wife's pregnancy; he pays the bills and he disciplines the child. The fact that he didn't furnish the sperm is an unimportant detail," one obstetrician observes of test-tube children.

Yet these superior children, so badly wanted by their parents, have no clear-cut legal status. Their rights are not defined in any legal code. A few test-tube birth cases have come into court, but the judgments handed down on their legality have been far from unanimous. Many jurists — and the American Medical Association — have called artificially inseminated children "illegitimate . . . the product of adultery."

On the other hand, a New York state Supreme Court Justice, Henry Clay Greenberg, hearing a separate maintenance suit, recently came out with a favorable opinion. Justice Greenberg declared himself reluctant to grant the wife sole custody of an alleged test-tube baby, because the decision would "lend itself to making the child illegitimate."

There are at least 3700 children in

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the United States known to be biologically sired by carefully selected unknown "fathers," with the full consent of the mothers' husbands, who thereby are floundering in uncharted legal waters.

Among the medically-advanced nations, the technique of artificial insemination appears to be most common in England and the United States. Medical reports indicate it was practiced in prewar France, Germany and Russia. Most Americans know little or nothing about it, largely because under existing legal and social conditions a birth by this means is most likely to succeed when only the mother, father and doctor know about it.

Because the legal status of the test-tube child is in doubt, and because the American Medical Association does not condone the practice and the Catholic Church attacks it, many doctors won't touch it. The handful of strong-minded doctors who do operate in this field often try to conceal the fact. It is therefore impossible for medical men to say with certainty how many and who among their number work on artificial insemination cases.

II

Test-tube insemination is prescribed in a variety of circumstances: when husband and wife are both fertile but are physically unable to have normal marriage relations (in this case the husband's sperms can be used); when the husband is sterile and the wife

apparently fertile; and when the husband is known to carry hereditary disease factors.

Obviously, when fertilization is accomplished with the husband's sperm, no emotional and legal problems are likely to come up. It is only when an unknown donor fathers the child that obstetricians must step warily. According to a survey reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in 1941, 3649 children have been born in the United States by insemination from a donor other than the husband. It is probable that the number is double that today.

The method is getting more and more attention from younger obstetricians who find it a humane and decent way to give childless couples better offspring than they could get by adoption. These doctors believe the intent of the couple is more important than legal language. Many of them are willing to assist at faked birth certificates to insure the happiness of the family they're creating. They pretty much follow an operating code formulated by Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, associate professor of obstetrics at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, and one of the country's outstanding experts on sterility.

Dr. Guttmacher lays down these rules:

First, the donor must remain unknown to the couple profiting by his help, and vice versa. Second, the physician involved should know the husband and wife intimately, be assured of their intelligence and emo-

tional stability; and be convinced the marriage will last. Third, there should be no urging. If either husband or wife is lukewarm, drop the idea. Fourth, fees must be kept low to avoid the possibility of racketeering in the field. Physicians should view themselves as benefactors of unhappy, worthy couples. Lastly, the birth certificate should carry the name of the husband — not of the donor.

Dr. Guttmacher has probably done more than any other man in the country to make artificial insemination socially acceptable. With the zeal of the scientist and a nice detachment about possible damage to his own practice and reputation, he has been tenacious and articulate in his cause.

Dr. Guttmacher's interest in his patients is in direct ratio to the difficulty of their problems. He spares nothing to give a child to a couple he rates worthy of one. But he cannot work miracles. He has had success in 60 per cent of his artificial insemination cases — a somewhat higher average than most practitioners.

In this ticklish, unpredictable medical process, Dr. Guttmacher warns patients not to expect too much. Their outlay of time, hope and money may come to nothing. To complicate the picture, couples frequently come to him toward the end of the wife's childbearing period, when she is past the peak of fertility.

Even where medical diagnosis indicates that insemination might work, Dr. Guttmacher does not always suggest it. He has refused to recommend

it for those he considered an emotionally unfit pair.

Once a couple has qualified as to intelligence, emotional stability and permanency of marriage, Dr. Guttmacher starts the wheels rolling on a strange new process whose chances of success are about 6 out of 10.

The first step is tracking down a suitable donor father. Dr. Guttmacher draws his substitute fathers from doctors, internes and medical students who have children. He pays \$10 for each specimen. Buying these specimens is as impersonal as buying a pint of blood, and is viewed in that light by donors. The doctor earnestly tries to match background, education and physical characteristics of the donor with those of the father. He carefully checks medical histories for good genetic background, freedom from venereal disease, normal sperm picture and absence of transmissible disease. Not many couples contemplating marriage give so much careful attention to the eugenics of their potential offspring.

Then Guttmacher begins his treatment: The mother makes a trip to his office — not to a hospital — three times a month, on days selected as the most likely periods of fertility. Sometimes pregnancy occurs the first month; sometimes it takes longer. Dr. Guttmacher had one case in which the mother had tri-monthly inseminations for 23 months before pregnancy resulted.

The doctor advises couples to try this program for six months and if the

wife is still not pregnant to drop it for another six months. At the end of that time, they can try again if they want to. His fees for the tri-monthly treatment is \$15 to \$30 a month (plus payment for sperm specimen), a nominal charge in view of prevailing rates in some other cities. In New York City, sperm specimens costs \$35 instead of \$10. Dr. Guttmacher has several New York patients who come to Baltimore three times a month because they can't afford the treatments at home.

III

What about the emotional impact of artificial insemination? Will the mother lose her love for the husband and yearn for the unknown father of her child? Will the father develop an inferiority complex? Will he grow to hate the child his wife has borne?

Any or all of these reactions are possible in emotionally unstable individuals, says Dr. Guttmacher. That is why he immediately writes off any case in which there is an obvious hint of instability, or in which there is the slightest hesitation in either husband or wife. He says: "I discuss every angle of the procedure with the couple and try to argue them out of it. That's the best way to see if they're really interested. I can feel out pretty well whether husband or wife is hesitant."

So far as he has been able to learn, the parents of the 80 test-tube babies he has delivered have not developed any emotional complications. They behave like most doting parents.

Many of his patients are doctors, nurses and teachers — those who are most likely to know about and approve of artificial insemination.

The oldest of the 80 children is now thirteen years old. Some of them have brothers and sisters born through normal marital relations, before their fathers became sterile. For one couple Dr. Guttmacher arranged for a family of four test-tube children. Whenever possible in multiple inseminations, he tries to use the same donor father.

Dr. Guttmacher does not allow legal niceties to interfere with his medical work. He observes only his own conscience when he is third party to a birth certificate bearing the name of a man who badly wanted a child. His advice to parents is: Don't tell anybody. Forget it yourselves; it'll be easy. And it invariably is.

Some doctors insist on signed papers when dealing with artificial insemination cases. Dr. William H. Cary of New York, for example, advocates "a simple written consent signed by husband and wife; and histories filed indicating both parties have submitted to preparatory examinations."

Dr. Guttmacher, however, thinks that paper work defeats the prime purpose of artificial insemination. "Signed permissions," he says, "only leave clear-cut reminders in the minds of the couple and keep them from easily forgetting the biological origin of their child. If a doctor has so little trust in a couple he has to have an affidavit, then that couple isn't one who should have the treatment."

The American Medical Association looks at the technique of artificial insemination with disapproval. The AMA calls it "a great disservice, possibly an injustice to the child, depriving him of his rights of inheritance." A 1939 editorial in the *AMA Journal* makes the association's position clear:

The fact that conception is effected by a method not involving sexual intercourse does not . . . alter the concept of legitimacy. This concept demands that the child be the actual offspring of the husband of the mother of the child. The fact that the husband has freely consented . . . does not have any bearing on the child's legitimacy. If it did, by similar reasoning, it might be urged that the fact a husband has consented to adultery . . . would legitimize the issue of the adulterous connection.

The AMA urges that if artificial insemination is practiced, the parents protect the child "against . . . relatives learning of and depriving the child of his inheritance" by legal adoption.

IV

Dr. Guttmacher fought a literary battle with the Assistant Corporation Counsel of the City of New York in 1945 over the legal aspects of artificial insemination. Counsel Sidney B. Schatkin went along with the AMA's reasoning, declaring that the husband has "no greater moral right to consent to artificial insemination than to adultery." He cited the verdict issued by a Canadian court in 1921, which held that the wife's submission to artificial insemination without her husband's consent was adultery —

not because of moral turpitude but because adultery is "the voluntary surrender to another person of the reproductive powers or faculties of the guilty person. . . it is adulterous because it involves . . . introducing into the family of the husband a false strain of blood." Schatkin also cited an English jurist, Lord Dunedin, who once observed that "it is not necessarily an act of intercourse with, but conception of a child by another man which constitutes adultery."

Dr. Guttmacher answered these arguments in the March 1946 issue of the *Journal of Human Fertility*. He called the court decisions "medieval and scholastic," and commented: "It is truly remarkable to judge a Twentieth-Century medico-sociological procedure through the eyes of Moses, an Israelite now dead at least 3000 years."

Schatkin's arguments ignored three important points, said Guttmacher: the fact that the process is intended only to produce a child; the fact that artificial insemination is done with the husband's full knowledge and consent; and the fact that the procedure is devoid of carnal or sexual content. "If adultery is only the sully of a husband's blood line by bearing a child of another strain," he argued, "then *ipso facto*, a woman whose female organs have been removed cannot commit adultery." In reality, adultery and artificial insemination are opposites, Dr. Guttmacher insisted. One is done clandestinely to deceive and enjoy carnal pleasure; and

the other is performed decently and frankly to beget offspring without even the emotional enjoyment of normal marriage relations. From a physician's point of view artificial insemination is asexual.

Justice Greenberg's recent decision on test-tube children may pave the way for a less benighted legal approach to the problem. The plaintiff in this case insisted that her four-year-old daughter, who had been artificially inseminated with the husband's consent, should be placed in her sole custody. In rejecting the pleas, Judge Greenberg commented to the plaintiff's lawyer: "If you are successful here the child will be established as illegitimate. How will that help the child? It would be inhumane, inhuman and contrary to the highest precepts of sociology." He said that as far as paternity rights of the father were concerned, he could see no difference between a child who came to life through artificial insemination and one who was born naturally.

Many medical men would like to see a law introduced which would specify precisely that test-tube babies have the same legal rights and standing as children conceived normally.

Parlor conversation at the war's end had it that sterility was on the increase in the American male. There were the war injuries, of course, and gossip had it that working with radar, atomic energy and other new developments was adding to the casualties.

The doctors best equipped to know discount such talk. "If men are becoming sterile, we won't be able to tell — positively — for one hundred years. There's as much argument on one side as there is on the other," says Dr. Guttmacher. He and other specialists in sterility know definitely of only two ways in which normal men may become sterile: venereal disease and constant, unprotected exposure to X-rays. Inadequate diet is known to cause temporary sterility, but this will clear up when the proper diet is substituted. Dr. Guttmacher writes: "I suppose it is possible that men who worked with atomic energy could have become sterile. I personally know of no such cases. There is no proof whatsoever that it can be caused by radar. . . ."

Whether or not sterility is on the increase, current records show that one out of ten American couples is unable to have children. In 40 per cent of the cases, doctors cannot even put their fingers on the cause.

If the wife is infertile, some of the causes can be remedied by operations. But if the husband is at fault there is little that can be done. Where the husband is sterile, the couple has only three alternatives: childlessness, insemination or adoption.

Given the proper parents, many physicians believe that the case for insemination over adoption is overwhelming. In the first place, it is difficult to find superior adoptive children. Superior parents don't often have illegitimate children; nor are

they likely to abandon them for adoption. But when the birth is engineered by a doctor, the genetics of at least one parent — the donor — is guaranteed. For parents who have yearned for a child, insemination is a far richer, more satisfying experience. The child is better off too: unlike an adopted child, the test-tube baby will never learn that he is not related to his father.

Although it has become a practical tool for the treatment of humans only in the twentieth century, the technique of test-tube impregnation is not new. The idea may have originated with the Arabs, who, legend has it, stole into the camps of their enemies at night and impregnated the horses with inferior strains. Occasional references to it dot medical history. The great Italian researcher Spallanzani is supposed to have artificially inseminated first an insect, later a dog.

It has been used widely and profitably in animal husbandry. Since 1907, when the physiologist Iwanoff worked out breeding methods, millions of horses, cattle, pigs and sheep have been artificially conceived in Russia. It is also used commonly by American farmers and cattle breeders.

The first recorded case of artificial impregnation of a woman was in 1790. John Hunter, the famous British surgeon, resorted to insemination of a woman who had so far been unable to conceive by her husband.

In the United States the first successful case was reported in 1866 by Dr. J. Marian Sims. Dr. Sims was

proud of his work at first, but later he repudiated it on the ground that it was an immoral medical practice.

In 1927 a French physician, A. A. Schorohowa, reported success in 22 out of 50 attempts at impregnation. Dr. Cary, working in the United States, had about the same degree of success. In 1940 Schorohowa made a second report, which told of 15 successful pregnancies in 37 attempts. A year later, Dr. G. K. F. Schultze, a German, reported the artificial inseminations of 102 women, but could list only 15 pregnancies.

As doctors learn more about the causes of stillbirth and defective children, as geneticists catalogue more and more hereditary ailments, it is probable that artificial insemination will be more widely used. Sterility is not the only problem: even now, when husband and wife have opposing RH blood factors, a test-tube baby may be recommended.

The lot of a doctor openly practicing artificial insemination is a hard one. He is heckled by cranks and sincere critics alike. He is besieged by couples who are clearly too emotionally unstable to try such an unorthodox procedure. But he has the reward of helping dozens of married couples to enjoy a fuller, more satisfying life.

As Dr. Guttmacher observes: "It would take a petrified heart not to warm to the scene of a sterile father doting on his two children who, according to the neighbors, resemble him very closely."

THE FUND-RAISING BUSINESS

BY JOHN WIETING

BY THE end of this year more than three billion dollars will have been contributed by individual Americans to almost as many public-supported causes as there are people with strong help-thy-neighbor impulses — from the American Society for (name your own country) Relief to the New York City Society for the Promotion of Decency. Even in 1930, during the depression, the American people contributed more than \$6 million a day to various funds. In 1946 American fund-raising for overseas relief alone totaled well over \$400 million.

Philanthropy is one of the ten largest private industries in the United States. More than 500 firms devote their efforts almost entirely to master-minding fund-raising campaigns for non-profit organizations. The leaders in the field of persuading people that it is more blessed to give than to receive are the eight members of the American Association of Fund-Raising Counsel. To belong to the AAFRC, the active head of a firm must have had at least ten years of continuous experience in the field. Most of the member firms have been

directing fund drives for over twenty years; the American City Bureau, oldest and largest, was incorporated in 1913.

The huge YMCA and Red Cross drives of the First World War launched many talented fund-raisers into private practice. Charles S. Ward, one of the founders of Ward, Wells & Dreshman, is credited with raising \$100 million for the "Y" during World War I, and boosting the membership from 30,000 to 22 million.

Excellent public relations work and the annual war appeals of the Red Cross and the National War Fund have made "giving" a habit for many people. About a year ago a little girl left her empty piggy bank on a writing table in a busy post office. When she ran back for it several hours later, she was amazed and delighted to find it heavy with nickles and dimes. The gullibility of the average citizen was recently demonstrated again by a young copywriter in the advertising department of a large New York store. Passing a gaily decorated can among the people in her department, she said indistinctly, "Won't you please, mumble, mumble,

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veterans, mumble, mumble." Carefully noting each name and the amount contributed, she gleefully revealed her plot at the end of the afternoon and, with the consent of her chagrined co-workers, sent nineteen dollars to the Salvation Army.

How do the experts work? Let's say that three men representing the Bureau to Aid Persecuted Minorities call on Marts & Lundy, members of the AAFRC. First of all, in the presence of decorous professionals, they would learn to shun such gauche words as "campaign" and "drive." They would soon become aware that the crass phrase "raising money," if mentioned in public, will cause a money-raiser to blanch.

Their reason for wanting to raise money would be sharply scrutinized by the counsellor. The most important item in any fund-raising effort is the "case" — the reason for the public to dig down and shell out. So, to determine the worthiness of this committee, the firm would run at least a four-week survey on the applicant.

Popular public appeal for the case must exist. Every fund-raising firm has had experience with pathetically sincere people trooping into their offices in the hope of raising money to build a memorial to Uncle Jasper, because "he was such a good man." One firm was once approached by an enthusiastic West Coast labor leader with a "terrific idea." He wanted help in raising \$10 million for the purpose of striking every motion-picture theatre in the country and surround-

ing it with pickets. He was told that his idea rather lacked public appeal.

The people behind the Bureau to Aid Persecuted Minorities would be thoroughly investigated and their position in the community established beyond doubt. In return they would be assured that the fund-raising counsel, beside having ten years of professional experience, had repeated calls to serve the same clients; satisfactory references from clients and banks would be shown; and it would be explained that the man assigned as director of their campaign had served on at least six previous campaigns. It would also be clearly understood that the job would be done on a fixed fee basis only.

Twenty-five years ago there were outfits directing campaigns for as much as 30 per cent of the gross. The ethics permitting a professional money-raising concern to receive a percentage of each contribution solicited by a volunteer worker were questionable. And it was not unknown for a couple of fast-moving operators to hit a town, conduct a whirlwind drive for some local project, collect a fat percentage on the pledged donations and then skip, leaving the bewildered committee to try and collect the pledges. Situations arose where wealthy men, sympathetic toward a local movement, refused donations because they "didn't intend to give any sharpers from New York a percentage of my money." The American Association of Fund-Raising Counsel was organized to put a stop to that sort of thing.

Today, with the cost of raising money also on the rise, the service fee, together with all expenses, is between 10 and 15 per cent of the total collected. Clients consider this charge for professional know-how fairly reasonable in the light of a classic example of amateurism: in 1917 the Army and Navy Bazaar raised \$71,645; the charity for which it was intended was enriched by \$645, while the balance went for "expenses."

II

Because of the expense involved, most of the large firms do not care to assist a committee seeking anything under \$250,000. For organizations seeking less than that amount, fund-raising counsellors will "consult" with members of the committee on a fee basis of about thirty-five dollars an hour; or the committee may hire a free-lance counsellor on a weekly salary.

The financial goal set by the drive committee of the Bureau to Aid Persecuted Minorities would be looked into by the professional with searching eyes. Contrary to popular belief, the goal of a drive is not just some arbitrary figure set by a wishful committee, grateful for whatever they receive, and with no real hope of attaining the stated objective. It is good public relations for the figure to end in odd dollars and cents; this makes for an air of authenticity. Actually, the figure set as a goal in most campaigns today represents whatever is needed to build the new settlement house or hospital.

David M. Church, vice-president of the John Price Jones Corporation, which has helped clients raise more than \$600 million between 1919 and 1946, says: "A committee may set a goal of \$6 million as the amount needed for their purpose. But if our survey shows that is too great an amount to be expected from the community we advise them to shoot for \$4 million, which will give them a fine start and, at some future date, go for the other two."

Professionals expect to get what they go after. If they need five they do not ask for ten, hoping for three. They ask five and go after it. Sometimes they go over their mark. Harvey D. Gibson, president of the Manufacturers Trust Company, and chairman of the New York Unemployment Relief Committee in 1931-32, set an original goal of \$16 million. Sweeping toward that objective with professional assistance, Mr. Gibson upped it to \$18 million, and when the campaign closed over \$20 million was in the bank.

Leadership is an important item in any campaign. Marts & Lundy would attempt to have as chairman of the Bureau committee a man of high community standing; a driver with lasting power, able to devote time to the project. They would be careful, too, to see that the committee members selected were the most prominent people available, though their prominence need not be based entirely on ability as contributors. The gift of attracting other donors and good

workers is also taken into account. The professional leadership is always kept in the background. As in the case of a discreet advertising agency, nothing is ever done by the professional except as a representative of the client. Many a successful campaign has run its full course with only the administrative committee aware of the quiet direction of a small field staff of experts. Enthusiastic sincerity is the priceless ingredient here.

James E. Almond, president of the American City Bureau, specialists in Community Chest drives, has said: "If a man doesn't get an occasional ripple along his spine at the thought . . . that it was partly through his efforts that a couple of thousand under-privileged kids are going to get a better break out of life, then he is not for this business." Mr. Almond points out that the good director must be a master of ways and means. He tells about the man directing a combined campaign for the YMCA and the YWCA in a Southern city. The largest manufacturing plant in town sent a check for \$7500. The local committee thought this pretty good. The director, an experienced man, thought otherwise and decided to step in. After nosing around a bit he arranged a meeting with the board of directors of the plant. He became eloquent on the subject of the long-dead founder of the plant. His voice dropped dramatically as he suggested that the young people of that town were the future employees of the plant. The board of directors ex-

changed their check for one for \$32,000 to build a swimming pool in the YMCA in memory of the founder. A man of initiative, the director pressed hard, and was given an additional \$32,000 for a YWCA pool as a memorial to the founder's wife.†

After the fund-raising firm satisfies itself as to the strong leadership of the Bureau's committee, their attention is given to the "constituency." A list of names is built up. Telephone books, city directories and the engagement books of committee members are culled. The list is then "scaled." Scaling a list is a crystal ball art. After some investigation, the amount each person is thought capable of giving is written next to his name. The list is then matched with the campaign survey, which might show that one \$150,000 donation, four \$75,000 donations and seven \$25,000 donations will be needed to reach the goal. The names of people thought equal to such efforts are then placed in these ranges; and so on down the scale. The list becomes the property of the client at the end of the campaign. But lists, like soap bubbles, start disintegrating as soon as they are formed; people move or their financial status changes. With each campaign a new list must be built, or the old one freshened.

III

No second lieutenant ever planned a theoretical military campaign with more attention to detail than the fund experts do when a financing program

is getting underway. Fund raising can be traced back to Biblical times, but Benjamin Franklin is usually given credit for being the originator of financing programs in this country. He once advised a minister, badly in need of funds for his church, "In the first place apply to all those who you know will give you something, next to those of whom you are uncertain, and show them the list of those who have given; lastly, do not neglect those who you are sure will give nothing, for in some of them you may be mistaken." The modern, scientific money-raising firms have been able to improve on Franklin's method only in detail.

Most agencies divide the prospect list into three categories: special, general and corporations. The special prospects are individuals or families counted on for donations of \$1000 or over. These are most carefully cultivated. There is a constantly worked-over card index kept for these prospects, showing the amount of their last gift and its purpose, as well as any special interests they are known to have. Usually each card carries a series of letters or numbers, in a code known only to committee employees. "R" means rich. If the "R" is followed by a "G," that particular party is rich and generous. A surprisingly large number of charming people are tagged "RGF," meaning that they are not only rich and generous, but also friendly. "RGF" lists are about as easy to obtain as a key to the vaults at Fort Knox.

A crack campaign director says it is axiomatic in the business that any man making an initial contribution of \$5000 is good for a donation of from between \$15,000 to \$20,000 with cultivation. Cultivating a prospect is almost an exact public relations science. Just as much care may go into the preparation of a case for one wealthy prospect as into a drive blanketing a city. One firm is known to have spent \$700 on the presentation of a case to one man. It netted the campaign a check for \$550,000.

Louis W. Robey, of Marts & Lundy, experts in church drives, says: "Fund-raising is a selling proposition all the way through. The day of the hat-passer, the beggar, is out. Wealthy men are usually hard-headed businessmen — and if they aren't, the men who handle their money are. They must be sold the idea that they are making an investment. They 'subscribe,' they do not donate."

"Take John Dough, for instance," another experienced campaign man explained. "In this program for the Bureau to Aid Persecuted Minorities we would investigate John as thoroughly as possible — looking for an 'angle.' Suppose we found that he was pushed around when he was young and poor because of his race or religion. We'd get up a brochure the size of a thin magazine, bound in beautiful limp leather, with 'John Dough' embossed in gold on the cover. One of the committee members would present it to him in a sim-

ple little ceremony. Looking at it alone he'd turn pages of thick bond paper, all hand illuminated. The full purpose of the Bureau would be set forth, with heavy emphasis on the 'angle' which would touch him most closely. His name would be mentioned just as many times as we could decently jam it in and, believe me, there wouldn't be a doubt left in John's mind about what fine work the Bureau could do if only it had a John Dough Research Endowment."

It's good practice to ask a whopping sum as a donation from a rich constituent. The committee may not get the entire amount but the man is sure to be flattered — and thus interested. One inexperienced solicitor was steered to a wealthy industrialist by a committee member. Later the director asked him how he had made out.

"Terrible. I asked for a measly \$2000 and he brushed me off."

"He felt insulted," the director said. "If you had asked for \$25,000 he would have listened."

A year later, in another campaign in Chicago, the now wiser solicitor informed a stiff-collared croesus that he had been listed for a \$25,000 subscription — and walked out with a check for \$15,000.

The large contributions, or "special gifts," are solicited before the main campaign gets under way and are counted upon to make up fully 50 per cent of the final goal. For college fund drives, it seems that about 80 per cent of the goal comes from 10 per cent of the "constituency."

A contributing factor in a sizable donation may be that the expert program financier, while not making a special point of it, calls attention to the fact that the Treasury Department and the courts have greatly eased the way, by concessions in income tax returns, for qualified institutions sorely in need of funds. Russell Sage Foundation figures show that only 2 of the 15 per cent deduction allowed by the government for contributions is actually taken. Fund-raisers are deeply interested in that other 13 per cent.

IV

The prospects in the general classification are all those who contribute less than \$1000. Of all the money donated to causes in the United States, slightly more than half comes from people with incomes of less than \$5000 a year. These people are approached in their offices, in theatres, on the streets, in their homes, through the mails and over the telephone. One man who has been in this business most of his life suggests that people solicited over the phone should hang up immediately or call for the police. Mail solicitation is generally used only at the end of a drive, if at all, after the publicity has had full opportunity to soak in. The mails are frowned upon almost as much as the telephone as a method of solicitation, because of the many fakes using it. The New York District Attorney's office says, "A smart charity-letter writer with a large mailing list can

make a very comfortable living."

The names of corporations are broken down and indexed as to industry, and solicited by that branch of the commerce and industry committee of a campaign. Professional counsel would supply volunteer workers of the Bureau to Aid Persecuted Minorities with a complete compilation of business firms in any given area. In a really large campaign, such as the Greater New York Fund drive, there are separate committees covering accountants, advertising, banks, builders, commodities and so on. Each of these general committees is separated further into component groups. The food committee, for example, is subdivided into fish, meat, cheese and grocery subcommittees. One of the most influential men in each industry is persuaded to become chairman of his industry's committee. Calls are made on every firm in the trade, or a form letter, loaded with the names of committeemen, is circulated. As they reach for their checkbooks, businessmen usually sigh, "Well, anyway, it's for a good cause — and our best customer is committee chairman again."

The backbone of any campaign is the worker. With the exception of an office staff and the one or two field men of the money-raising firm, all the campaign workers for the Persecuted Minorities Bureau, from the board chairman to the last door-bell pusher, would be volunteers. These people are organized on army lines. A "colonel" is made responsible for rounding up five "majors," each of

whom gets himself six "captains," and each "captain" dragoons a team of seven workers. As in any army, good volunteers are hard to come by.

Directors dream of having teams of workers with the spirit of one man on a local hospital campaign who was calling from door-to-door in a residential district. On the edge of town there was a house with a sign on the porch warning away beggars and solicitors. The old woman living there had a temper as famous as her reputation for miserliness. The man approached this house and paused. Then, with a sunny smile, he flung open the gate and went up on the porch. The door finally opened to his ring and the old harridan stood glowering at him, broom in hand. He bubbled into his story and the face of the woman grew darker. Suddenly the broom caught him in the stomach. "Money is it?" she cried, prodding him across the porch and down the steps, "Get out of here, you beggar, you solicitor you! I'll give you money!" As the gate slammed behind him, she brought the broom down on his head. Halfway down the block and breathing hard, he took out his notebook and next to her name wrote "doubtful."

The Bureau campaign would be planned four to six months in advance. One of the largest amounts of money ever to be raised in a single effort, before the war, was \$21 million for the Yale Endowment Fund. This feat was engineered by the firm of Tamblyn & Brown after more than

a year of quiet preparation. Marts & Lundy are continuing a three year postwar campaign for the Presbyterian Restoration Fund. The goal for this drive was set at \$27 million. The three-year period for this campaign to restore all damaged or neglected facilities of the denomination here and abroad ended March thirty-first last year. Including money already collected and put to use and pledges yet to be received, an unprecedented \$23,923,000 was on the books. The church committee voted to continue the effort until the goal is attained. On this record campaign, the only representative of the professional counsellors was Arnaud C. Marts, former president of Bucknell University, assisted by an office staff of paid workers supplied by the church committee.

Some campaigns go fast. A two-year campaign to raise \$4 million for a hospital in a city in Texas was over in a month. Four weeks after the opening, a dusty old man walked into campaign headquarters and said, "You fellows want to build a hospital or somethin'? Well, here, I just brought in another gusher." One thumb hooked into his belt, he tossed a cashier's check for three million on the table.

The work of the fund-raising firm might not be over at the end of the campaign for the Bureau to Aid Persecuted Minorities. Will, Folsom & Smith, experts in hospital campaigns, were retained at the completion of the successful \$5 million Hart-

ford Hospital Building Fund drive as public-relations counsel to consolidate the good will gained during the program.

Money-raising drives are on the increase. There are no detailed figures available, but it is safe to assume that there are some two thousand legitimate campaigns in progress throughout the country. The American City Bureau alone has handled as many as 34 simultaneously, with five running at one time in Baltimore. Efforts during the war years were concentrated on the immense war relief and national defense appeals. Now educational institutions, hospitals, civic organizations and political and religious groups are driving for funds to complete projects planned or held in abeyance.

The word "charity" brings to mind newspaper pictures of starving Europeans and Asiatics, children in rags and gnarled old people with outstretched hands. But charity does not stop there. The National Information Bureau reveals that during a single year, 67.5 per cent of all the families in one large American city received some form of service related to "economic need, health, behavior, social adjustment or leisure activities" from voluntary and government agencies. This is a proud rather than a sad commentary. If you were ever a Boy Scout, a Girl Scout, or belonged to a "Y"; if you borrowed books from a library, visited a museum, or listened to a symphony orchestra, you were the "recipient of philanthropy."

THE GREAT CANOL FIASCO

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

WHEN Alaska made its annual swap of snow and ice for mosquitoes and black gnats early in the summer of 1942, the first invaders of North American soil in nearly a century and a half crouched on the islands of Kiska and Attu. Our garrisons in the Territory were perilously short of ammunition and supplies, for only 298 soldiers had guarded Alaska when the second World War began. In the 60-below-zero silences of the Yukon Valley troops had spent the winter in tents. They cursed the word "Spam" and tried to remember the taste of beefsteak. At lonely hospitals along the muskeg rut which was to become the Alcan Highway, GIs who had not seen a white woman since they left Seattle read in the "pony" editions of their hometown newspapers that the Army was unable to send nurses to Alaska because of the desperate shortage of shipping.

In the meanwhile, ships and barges were arriving through the glacial fiords of the Inside Passage at the port of Skagway, receiving point for the vast interior. Perhaps these vessels

brought Garands, fresh meat and lumber for barracks — maybe even the willowy nurses whose pinup pictures had appeared in *Yank*.

Instead, the boats commenced unloading pipe. In the continuous daylight of the Northern summer they unloaded pipe 24 hours around the clock: four-inch pipe, three-inch pipe, two-inch pipe. The pipe covered the docks, it choked thickets of spruce and jackpine, it protruded from Quonset huts, it rusted in Skagway's surging 23-foot tides. Ships believed to be carrying rations, rifles and parkas disgorged from their holds only one cargo — pipe.

All the pipe on earth, round, metallic and hollow, it seemed, was concentrated in the frontier seaport of Skagway.

Transportation Corps officers, certain that the grandfather of all blunders had been committed, desperately cabled Washington. Back came the order, peremptory and classified "Top Secret." They were to deliver the pipe to Whitehorse, at the other end of the narrow-gauge White

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Pass & Yukon Railway, and then ask no further questions.

The pipe was for the Canol Project, the most fantastic undertaking ever carried out by the United States Army in war or peace.

The project was a Rube Goldberg gadget on a colossal scale. Spread out across a third of the continent, it was a scheme to produce gasoline in the Arctic and thus free Alaskan highways and air bases of dependency on the outside for fuel. It involved suffering and hardship on the part of 16,000 men equalled only in Polar explorations. Indeed, the Canol Project involved exploration of its own, for the prodigious quantities of pipe were to be laid in mountain fastnesses which had not even been mapped.

And in time the scheme was to become an explosive political issue in the American Congress, an issue which contributed materially to sending a junior United States Senator to the White House.

When the Senate War Investigating Committee first came onto the scent of the Canol Project, the committee had been occupied for many months in a running engagement with the War Department. As yet there had emerged no victor. Suddenly the committee's investigators turned up the device for producing high-octane gasoline in Arctic solitudes where trappers and Canadian Mounty constables hesitated to set snowshoe. After a cursory glance the Senators believed they had found the Army guilty of less planning and foresight

in the expenditure of more than \$200 million and the risk of many lives than any prudent six-year-old would have demonstrated before opening a lemonade stand.

Investigation of the Canol Project became the major enterprise of the Truman Committee, whose chairman was to be propelled from obscurity to second place on the Democratic party ticket of 1944, and eventually into the Presidency itself. The Canol Project was to lure Senators like bloodhounds all the way to the Arctic Circle, and it was to pit America's two leading oil companies against each other in bitter undercover combat. It was to goad Army units to the brink of mutiny, and it was to result in detailed reconnaissance of a portion of North America which until the war had been blank space in the atlas.

Yet even now most Americans are unaware of what the Canol Project was all about, and why it stirred and agitated so many important people.

II

Oil is the great prize. Gold in the era of the Klondike was peanuts compared to oil in the modern world. Gold excited men, oil moves nations of men. With oil a nation can win wars. Without oil, bombing planes are grounded and tanks and battleships useless hulks.

In 1942 the War Department feared that the Japanese roosting in the Aleutian Islands might sever the sea lanes tying Alaska to Puget Sound. This would have left the Territory no source of petroleum; its defenses

would have been immobilized, and soil 1000 miles from Seattle would have gone to the enemy for the taking. At this juncture James H. Graham, a dollar-a-year man on the staff of Lieutenant-General Brehon Somervell, emerged as the apparent author of the Canol Project. He strode into Somervell's office bearing maps of the Canadian Northwest. While the officer listened Graham outlined a fabulous undertaking.

At Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River, almost within whispering distance of the Arctic Circle, sprawled a vast oil field. It belonged to the Imperial Oil Company of Canada, a subsidiary of Standard of New Jersey. Inaccessibility had kept the field from being fully developed. It was cheaper to ship oil out of the Mediterranean by tanker than to get it down from the frozen fastnesses of North America. But war imposed new conditions. Cost was suddenly no obstacle; economics were out the window. Many men had wondered if the Fort Norman field could be made available to the Allied military effort, but a memorandum of April 29, 1942, from Graham to General Somervell appears to be the first time that the Canol Project was specifically recommended.

Graham proposed that crude oil from Fort Norman should be pumped 625 miles across the Pelly Mountains and Continental Divide to Whitehorse on the headwaters of the Yukon River. At Whitehorse the world's farthest north oil refinery would be

built. The finished petroleum products then would be pumped north and south from Whitehorse through pipelines flanking the route of the Alcan Highway.

This gasoline would fuel trucks on the road as well as airplanes flying between Alaska and the interior of the continent. Most important of all, in the opinion of the War Department, Ladd Field at Fairbanks, Alaska's principal air base, would have a supply of high-octane which Japanese sorties could not imperil.

Ladd Field was strategic during the war. It was here that our pilots took off for the Aleutians and here that a mission of Russian aviators gathered to fly thousands of American fighters and medium bombers across the Bering Straits and Siberia, thus bolstering the Red Air Force. (Ironically, Ladd Field today is the site of new 15,000-foot runways which can send American "atomic planes" winging all the way across Siberia and back to base.)

The Canol Project, so-named as a derivative of the phrase "Canadian Oil," required a stupendous movement of material. Nearly 1600 miles of pipe had to be laid on muskeg soil, which heaved and buckled in the spring like cornmeal mush at the boiling point. An oil refinery had to be transported, cylinder by cylinder, each gear and retort singly, to the Yukon Territory outpost where a clerk in a log bank had written *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*. More than 400,000 tons of food, barges, bulldozers and pipe were needed. It was

unparalleled in the history of the North, and it dwindled the Gold Rush to mere overnight proportions by comparison.

Jack London had seen men make their fortunes by getting a ton of trade goods to Dawson. But 400,000 tons — all the white man's possessions in the annals of the American Arctic, from the arrival of the first-knout-swinging Russian *promyshlennik*, weighed not a fraction of this. Perhaps there is scant wonder that Senator Harry Truman of Missouri was astounded when Mr. Graham, on leave as dean of engineering at the southerly-located University of Kentucky, confessed to no personal familiarity whatsoever with the wild Northern terrain into which this incredible tonnage had to be transported.

And wild it was, indeed.

The red-coated police inspector at Whitehorse shrugged his shoulders when asked if a pipeline could be thrust across the succession of granite peaks and tundra swales between there and Fort Norman. Few patrols had penetrated these fastnesses where mammoths and mastodons were said to be embalmed in ice. Lieutenant William Hammond of the 18th U. S. Army Engineers made it behind a dog team, a chance shot at a moose saving man and malamutes from starvation. He got the Legion of Merit, then being bestowed generously on file clerks in the Pentagon Building, and the marks of his snowshoe webbing became the route of the four-inch pipe

which was to bring crude oil from the shores of the Mackenzie to the refinery at the source of the Yukon.

But before the pipeline could be welded, the Army Engineers spent \$27 million developing a freight artery down the Mackenzie, second only to the Mississippi among the rivers of the continent.

A special unit known as Task Force 2600 was organized to open up the Mackenzie's shifting channels during the short Arctic summer and to hack out a winter road to the oil fields when the great river would be frozen. By October the Mackenzie had tossed ice floes as big as bungalows onto the riverbank, and Negro soldiers of the 388th Engineers, who never before had been out of the deep South, were experiencing cold which was to drop to 73 below zero by Christmas and harden anti-freeze solution in the can.

Force 2600 established a supply line to feed and clothe more people than previously had lived in all the Northwest Territories, a region nearly half the size of the United States. The troops were scattered over an immense area. From Waterways, at the head of the Mackenzie, drilling equipment had to be boated or dragged 1120 miles to Fort Norman. To the westward, 625 miles of sabre-toothed mountains separated the oil wells and Whitehorse. It was so dark at midday in December that men could not watch each other for signs of frostbite.

Soldiers died of pneumonia and tuberculosis. A few went berserk from what sourdoughs call "cabin fever."

Some survived because doctors could operate wearing mittens in pyramidal tents. Two Jewish surgeons were decorated when they flew through a blizzard straight off the Polar ice-pack to remove the appendix of a sergeant marooned in a rocky gorge along the pipeline.

Yet morale was low. The men were forbidden to mention Canol or oil or the refinery in their letters home. In the coldest temperatures ever recorded in North America, outdoor privies were still unheated, but the "grapevine" had all the details of the redwood chateaus in which the top brass was living at Edmonton. Beneath what a visiting Air Corps colonel called "the biggest and nudest pinup collections on earth," the men along the Mackenzie and Yukon swore vengeance on the perpetrators of the orders which had sent the first Army nurses to Edmonton and male hospital orderlies to Fort Norman.

The Chief of Staff began to nudge General Somervell's Services of Supply to get the troops out. Seasoned and hardened, they were needed elsewhere in the war. News of insubordination and sagging *esprit de corps* had trickled down from the barren lands. General Somervell's directive ordering the Canol Project had set October 1, 1942, as the date of completion. On January 1, 1944, pipeline locations were still being surveyed. It may have been, too, that General Marshall had some inkling of the political storm about to break over Canol.

Could civilians be recruited to con-

tinue the job the soldiers had started? It was certain they would have to be paid many times the \$50 monthly wage of the GIs. Nor would they be satisfied with the meagre rations and cold quarters of the troops. The want ads for workers on some nameless job in the North carried dramatic warnings:

THIS WILL BE NO PICNIC

Working and living conditions on this job will be as difficult as those encountered on any construction job ever done in the United States or foreign territory.

Men hired on this job will be required to work and live under the most extreme conditions imaginable. The temperature will range from 90° above zero to 75° below zero. Men will have to fight swamps, rivers, ice and cold. Mosquitoes, flies and gnats will not only be annoying but will cause bodily harm. If you are not prepared to work under these and similar conditions *do not apply*.

III

Standard of California and Standard of New Jersey were locked in grim combat, and Canol was the battlefield. Drilling by the Army had revealed that the Fort Norman oil might total 100 million barrels. This would be a bonanza for Standard of New Jersey, now that the United States government was investing millions in pipelines and transportation routes to tap the petroleum treasure-trove in the Arctic.

Paradoxically, Standard of California had been hired by the War Department as expert consultant on the project to develop and exploit the oil

field owned by its principal rival. J. L. Hanna, vice-president of Standard of California, wasted no time in advising the Army that the Canol Project was unsound. He proposed instead that pipelines be built to Whitehorse from the Canadian National Railway terminal 650 miles off to the south at Prince Rupert. The pipeline could be fed from California oil fields; Fort Norman could be forgotten.

Secretary of the Interior Ickes, doubling as Petroleum Administrator for War, next warned the Army that the Canol Project had better be dropped. Ickes' main advisor on oil matters was another vice-president of Standard of California, Ralph K. Davies. By spending \$2,601,000 to transport gasoline north by tanker from San Diego, Davies suggested that the War Department could achieve results as satisfactory as from the \$200 million invested in Canol.

By now the American oil industry was in full pursuit. The Army had tried to keep Canol secret, but this became impossible when the refinery of the Bareco Corporation at Corpus Christi, Texas, was dismantled for the 4000-mile shipment to the headwaters of the Yukon River. Senators Connally, Democrat of Texas, and Moore, Republican of Oklahoma, champions of the oilmen in their States, wanted to know what was going on up North — and Connally was the ranking member of the Senate War Investigating Committee, having been in Congress nearly twenty years

longer than the chairman, Harry Truman.

Canol was sunk.

The Army might have rescued Canol, had its planning been conducted with the intelligence expected of grown men. But the Army was vulnerable — shockingly so.

Four-inch pipe was used for the line from Fort Norman to Whitehorse, although the Army's own engineering staff had pointed out that 6-inch pipe would have reduced the number of pumping stations from twelve to two. "Pumping-station equipment," deplored Senator Truman, "has been among the tightest bottlenecks in the war program."

Although the entire justification for the scheme was premised on possible inability to protect the sea lanes leading to Alaska, the Navy Department announced that it was never consulted regarding the strategic necessity for the Canol Project. The Bureau of the Budget said it had been originally informed that Canol would require \$25 million. Canol actually cost \$134 million "exclusive of the cost of Army officials, enlisted men and Army air transportation," which have been estimated as at least another \$60 million.

Most astonishing of all, the total yield of the refinery moved to Whitehorse was only 479 barrels of aviation gasoline a day and approximately 1700 barrels of by-products. This was a medicine-dropper amount so far as any military campaign was concerned. At risk of their stars, some of the

leaders of the Alaska Defense Command pooh-poohed the output of the project. Canol's gasoline, they said, would not support enough planes to turn back a posse of Japanese policemen, let alone the Imperial fleet.

In vain did Robert P. Patterson, then Under Secretary of War, emphasize that the whole Canol investment was "less than one day's cost of the war."

The Truman Committee enjoyed a field day. There was something in it for everyone. Senators Truman, Wallgren and the other Democrats could point out that Stimson, Patterson and the rest of the War Department executives were conservative Republicans. But Senator Homer Ferguson of Michigan, the committee's bulldog Republican, was able to trace drops of oil right to the White House. Had not Frederic A. Delano, the uncle of the President, traveled dramatically to Fort Norman and then reported, "The proposed delivery of crude oil to the Whitehorse refinery seems fully justified, and the distribution of gasoline from there is a natural and important sequence"?

And so Canol finally ended as a pile of junk.

The project which had cost so much in money and human suffering refined only a few token barrels of gasoline. Then the refinery, shipped from Texas at a cost of \$24 million, was sold to Imperial Oil for \$1 million. But the Rube Goldberg gadget was not to be put into operation. Imperial dismantled the refinery, and the pipe-

line was auctioned off as junk for \$700,000. This was the total reclaim value.

As the pipeline was broken up into scrap, a Mounty corporal, resplendent in scarlet and gold, looked on sadly. "I'm glad your GI boys aren't here to see this," he said. "I doubt if this is why they opened up the first trail across the Pelly Divide."

IV

Yet great doors on rusty hinges swing. Back of Fort Norman stretched the wide expanse of Great Bear Lake. Over the transportation route which the soldiers of Force 2600 had pioneered to the oil field, men began to boat and haul countless sacks from an ore deposit on a wooded peninsula extending out into the lake.

On open water in the fleeting months of summer, over the ice roads in winter, the sacks came down from the North. The sacks contained pitchblende. General James O'Connor of the Northwest Service Command said that "only the routes opened to Fort Norman kept the pitchblende from Port Radium on its way to civilization."

The pitchblende went to the mysterious experiment being carried on under the football stadium at the University of Chicago, and to a laboratory in the New Mexico desert.

In due time this substance hauled southward over the trail of the ill-fated Canol Project became the basic ingredient in the bomb which fell on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945.

CURLEY OF BOSTON

BY FRANK L. KLUCKHOHN

JAMES MICHAEL CURLEY, Boston's aging Mayor, recently left the Federal penitentiary in Danbury, Connecticut, where his six-to-eighteen months sentence for mail fraud had been commuted to a brief five months. The next morning he was back running Boston's affairs as he has, off and on, much of his long adult life.

This comeback was against all the rules; it is axiomatic that once the Boss of a major American city does a stretch in Federal prison he is politically as dead as though he already had a slab of marble at his head. That was true of Boss Pendergast of Kansas City and of many others of like ilk.

Mr. Curley, however, came back triumphantly to the Mayor's office from which, with a battery of telephones around him, he directs government in the sedate Hub of the Universe. Not only that: he is being courted by both Republicans and Democrats as the one individual in a position to decide the outcome of the 1948 election in Massachusetts, whose sixteen electoral votes could well decide the national contest.

His latest return from the dead, and his present key position, may surprise folks in other parts of the nation, but not the people of Boston. Even before he went to Danbury, Boston had seen Curley use a jail sentence as a springboard to get ahead. It employs a number of adjectives, such as "amazing," "colorful" and "dynamic," as well as others rather less complimentary, to describe him. It is as impossible, however, to fit the Mayor of Boston to a simple description as it is to keep him, more than momentarily, out of office. It is, in fact, hard to pin him down at all.

When, in the Federal District Court of the District of Columbia, Mayor Curley was ordered to serve his term in Danbury for a felony, he arose in the courtroom and dramatically told the Judge, "You are sentencing me to death!"

Five months later, on his return to Boston just before Thanksgiving, he said at a press conference, "I feel better than I have for ten years, physically, spiritually and mentally." Then, putting one arm around Mrs. Curley and the other about his daughter,

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Mrs. Mary Donnelly, he added, "Surround yourselves with beautiful women and you always will feel young."

"Jim" Curley, as Boston calls him, does not believe in consistency as a political virtue. He has little use for political orthodoxy generally. Although he bosses Boston, he is not a political boss in the usual sense, like Frank Hague of Jersey City or Ed Crump of Memphis, because he does not have a machine. His following is personal. Yet Mr. Curley induced a Republican governor — no less a blue-blood than Robert Bradford, direct descendant of the early governor of Plymouth Colony — to continue his \$20,000 annual salary while he was in jail and to see that the mayoralty seat was kept warm for his return. President Truman felt it advisable to commute his sentence completely, rather than let him out merely on parole with a suspended sentence hanging over his head. And the people of Boston had earlier elected Mr. Curley while he was under indictment.

There is a strange tale behind all this. It is, in part, a story of Jim Curley's rare histrionic ability, his mellifluous voice and his quotable humor. Partially, it is a story of the odd setup in Boston and Massachusetts, both of which enjoy being "different."

II

That Mr. Curley himself is a character, there can be no doubt. Curleyisms are repeated and discussed in

Boston to the same extent that Goldwynisms are in Hollywood. When he was Governor of Massachusetts, for instance, Mr. Curley was accustomed to go to the Parker House, two blocks away, for lunch. With his usual flair for the dramatic, however, he made these trips a spectacle for the public, traveling so that he was preceded by, flanked by and trailed by state troopers on motorcycles with sirens wailing. As they cleared the way, Hub traffic became even more snarled up than usual.

One day, as he stepped from his sumptuous car at the Parker House, a down-and-outer, with several days' growth of beard on his face, approached and mumbled that he needed "two bucks."

"What do you want the two bucks for, Joe?" asked Mr. Curley, as curious bystanders gathered around.

"I got a tooth I wanta have yanked," the man answered, leering.

"Here is four dollars," said Curley. "Have two of them yanked."

Jim always disliked W. E. Mullins, the blunt and able political writer of the Boston *Herald*. Mr. Mullins, however, was a close friend of Joseph F. Timilty, once Mr. Curley's military aide and later police commissioner. One day, Timilty saw Mullins outside the Bellevue Hotel, just across the street from the State House. He grabbed him and laughingly invited Governor Curley to strike him.

"What," thundered Jim, looking down his nose and drawing himself up, "cannonade a rowboat?"

On another occasion, Mr. Curley was beaten in a mayoralty race by Maurice Tobin, a handsome former aide. Meeting Mr. Curley on the street some days later, Tobin said briefly, "Sorry, Jim."

"That's all right," replied Mr. Curley genially. "That wasn't an election; it was a beauty contest."

Mr. Curley once attended a now extinct dramatic and elocutionary school. It is doubtful, however, that he needed much embellishment of his natural flair for acting and talking. Although he came, so to speak, from the wrong side of the railroad tracks, he has developed a diction almost indistinguishable from a Harvard accent. Since he has a remarkable memory, and has read widely, he not only appears, but actually is, erudite.

This does not mean he always stays on a high plane. His ability to act out an amusing story which, when told, puts his opponent in a ridiculous position, makes opposing political candidates fearful to go on the same platform with him. His is the method of sharpening a witty saying into a sword with which to slay a competitor. He likes to commit political murder with a well-turned phrase and, often, the Marquis of Queensberry rules are out.

Back in 1924, for instance, when he was running for Mayor against one John R. Murphy, he was addressing, in Roxbury, an audience composed largely of Roman Catholics.

"Where was James M. Curley last

Friday night?" he asked. "He was conducting a political meeting in Duxbury. Where was Mr. Murphy last *Friday* night? Eating steak at the Copley Plaza!"

Once, when a political follower had deserted to the opposing camp, threatening his election, reporters tackled Mr. Curley after he left a speaking platform.

"I have nothing to say about Mike," he stated flatly. "But I will take care of him." As he stepped into his waiting car, however, he deliberately misquoted:

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a dollar to put in his coat.

The story spread over Boston by word of mouth. It was widely enough accepted to wreck the deserter.

Sometimes, however, Mr. Curley's methods do not work.

In 1936, when he ran for the United States Senate against Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., Mr. Curley sought to slay his opponent by referring to him constantly as "Little Boy Blue." The implication, of course, was that Mr. Lodge was both naïve and blue-blooded. Despite the apparently sure-fire phrase, Lodge won by over 100,000 votes.

Again, when the star of Joseph B. Ely was rising in Massachusetts politics, Mr. Curley backed for governor Mr. Ely's opponent, John R. Fitzgerald, father-in-law of Joseph P. Kennedy, former Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Jim arose at a dinner and said:

"I am no enemy of Joe Ely's. He is a good country boy."

Then, turning to Mr. Ely who was present, Mr. Curley continued: "Joe, better you should be buried 20,000 leagues under the sea than be elected governor of this great and glorious Commonwealth of Massachusetts. As I consider you, I am reminded of the Biblical story of the man who came down from Jericho and fell among thieves."

Since Mr. Ely happened to be sitting next to Daniel Coakley, who was on the way to being, as he subsequently was, disbarred as an attorney, this remark caused a sensation. But it did not keep Mr. Ely from winning.

That Jim Curley probably could have risen in politics without the setting of Boston was indicated in 1932 when he was blocked out of his state's delegation to the Democratic National Convention. Not only did he wangle himself into getting named as a delegate from Puerto Rico, but he ended up as chairman of the convention which first nominated Franklin D. Roosevelt.

III

At 72 years of age, Mr. Curley still maintains the charm, the know-how and the ability to sell himself to the public that he possessed in 1901, when he was elected to the Boston Common Council from Ward 17, after serving as a drug store and grocery clerk.

It was just a year after this, when he had been elected to the state legis-

lature, that Jim Curley started toward his first experience in prison. He was convicted of impersonating another man in a civil service examination for letter carrier. This was a Federal offense and, despite appeals, he was sent, in 1904, to the Charles Street prison for two months.

Undaunted, he employed his imprisonment as a springboard for moving ahead in politics, playing the rôle of a martyr in a big way for the first, but far from the last, time. He explained and re-explained that he took the examination for a destitute friend with a wife and several children. He did it so well that, to a large part of the public, he made himself a wronged hero rather than a wrong-doer. From his cell, he successfully conducted a campaign for election as alderman. From the Aldermanic Chamber, he eventually went, when there was a revision of the Boston charter, to the City Council.

From this, he moved forward on the shoulders of the electorate to the Federal House of Representatives. Republicans tried to prevent his seating because of his jail sentence, but he talked his way, before the House, out of an adverse vote. After several terms in Congress, during which he became a favorite of the late Speaker, Champ Clark, Mr. Curley became Democratic whip in the House.

Backed by the Good Government Association, one Thomas J. Kenney opposed Mr. Curley when he first ran for the job of Mayor of Boston. Jim coined a new phrase and ridiculed the

"goo-goos" — the do-gooders — and ended by winning in 16 out of 26 wards.

Three times more, amidst turbulence and name-calling, charges and counter-charges which shocked the Proper Bostonians on Beacon Hill, Mr. Curley was elected Mayor. In 1934 he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, serving one term. Twice more, in 1942 and 1944, the voters sent him to the United States Congress.

During his term as Mayor beginning in 1929, Jim was charged with improperly receiving \$63,000 in settling claims of the General Electric Corporation against the city. This fight, after three years and 34 continuances, went to the Supreme Court. Mr. Curley was ordered to pay \$500 a week until he restored \$42,629. He made the payments, finishing them in 1945. It did not affect his political career.

Apart from his personality and persuasiveness, Mr. Curley's huge personal following in Boston may be explained by the fact that — over a long career and with cumulative effects — he has followed the old Tammany methods of taking care of his followers. The fact that the Boston Irish enjoy disliking and distrusting the Proper Bostonians — including the Cabots, the Lodges and the Saltonstalls — has also helped him.

Any taxi driver in Boston will tell a casual visitor to the city how Jim Curley took off his fur coat and gave it to a half-frozen jobless man.

If Old Joe Murphy called the Mayor and reported that his nephew, Tim, who had a wife and two children, was out of a job, Jim would say, "Send him over."

The young man might be given a hundred-dollar bill and be told to come back next week. Meanwhile, Jim would call businesses indebted to him for favors, or comb the official payrolls, and find the lad a job.

Grateful enough to become his supporters for life were not only Old Joe Murphy and Nephew Tim and his wife and growing children, but all their numerous blood connections and some friends. Multiply this over the decades, and you have a large part of the explanation of Curley's success. He ran a one-man Tammany Hall, and word about his beneficences got around.

Mr. Curley was not at all reluctant to advertise his help-'em-out technique, nor to do so on a large scale. In the early days of the New Deal, when the jobless were measured in millions, Mr. Curley contributed 20 per cent of his official salary to charity. Amidst much public ballyhoo, he also took out a \$102,385 insurance policy on his own life. When he died, the money was to be held for 125 years when, theoretically, it would have grown to \$45 million. This money was then to be employed for "the needy poor of Boston."

When he went to Danbury for his most recent "rest-cure," and his \$20,000 a year was continued, Good Old Jim ordered that this salary be paid

to charity during the period he was living at Federal expense. He was, he insisted to his followers, a victim of politics who had been "framed." But, while they were keeping him in jail, his pay was the people's.

IV

As in most big cities, there are in Boston more under-privileged than over-privileged persons. Moreover, in Boston, it is not "shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations." The old families still have "theirs" and live on the earnings of mid-western stockyards, railroads, newspapers and sundry other types of investments. The Boston Brahmins are conservative and careful with their pennies and, to some extent, this has set the tone of Boston business. Resentment against this attitude adds to Mr. Curley's appeal to the Boston Irish, the numerous immigrants and all the "masses" when he strikes his softer notes as a self-announced fighter for the have-nots.

A large element of the business community, nevertheless, is far from against him. As one businessman phrased it, "Jim has been fair about dealings" in everything from tax abatements to permits to cut drive-ways across city sidewalks into business buildings.

This brings us down to the amazing show that has gone on ever since Mr. Curley went to Danbury Penitentiary. In it, both Governor Bradford and President Truman have played their parts. It would be hilarious

drama, in the best Gilbert and Sullivan tradition, except that it obviously has serious undertones.

In the 1944 elections, Maurice Tobin, Mr. Curley's former aide and later Democratic opponent, was governor and running for re-election. Jim, as a Democrat, was seeking to become Mayor another time.

In Massachusetts, the Republicans normally must win a heavy chunk of the Boston vote to carry a national or state election. Mr. Curley allowed publicly as how he would not vote for Democratic Mr. Tobin for governor (apparently this was not a beauty contest). The Republicans pasted posters all over Boston quoting Jim's exact words. The Republicans won in the national and state contests and Mr. Curley won in the city.

Governor Bob Bradford and his aides indignantly deny that there was any deal, as some newspapers asserted, by which Mr. Curley's official seat would be kept warm for him if he went to jail, or that the fact Jim could again help the Republican cause in 1948 had anything to do with what subsequently happened. They claim there was no legal method of dealing with the situation, other than that employed.

On the very day that the Federal Judge in Washington ordered Mr. Curley to Danbury, the Republican Governor sent a message to the Republican legislature. With astonishing alacrity, both houses of the legislature acted on it the same day.

Mr. Curley was guaranteed his salary, as Governor Bradford had recommended. John Hynes, the City Clerk, was made Temporary Mayor until Jim's return. To make sure that some politicians did not "get" Mr. Hynes afterwards for what he did while nesting on Mr. Curley's chair, the City Clerk was guaranteed his office at a good salary for life.

That night in Boston, Gael Sullivan, President Truman's Bright Young Man, was making a speech to Democratic stalwarts. He abandoned his prepared text and announced that the Republicans had cut their throats by this act. Thousands upon thousands of names were signed to a petition asking Presidential clemency, but Mr. Truman refused to act. Mr. Curley went to Danbury.

Gradually, however, it began to seep into the Democratic consciousness that Republican Governor Bradford had become a near-god to Mr. Curley's enthusiastic followers. Had Jim been paroled at the end of five months, the Federal Parole Board could have kept him out of politics for another thirteen months, up to the maximum term of his sentence. Convicted stock swindlers, for instance, have been prevented after parole from dealing in stocks until the period of their maximum sentence is over. But only Mr. Curley could, if he would, see that his followers did

not vote the Republican national and state tickets in 1948.

It may easily be denied that this had anything to do with the commutation of Mr. Curley's sentence a full month before he had served his minimum term. It may also be argued that he had done his penance, with time off for good behavior.

The fact remains that President Truman cut short Mr. Curley's sentence at the end of five months by commutation thus, albeit perhaps unwittingly, finally assuring that Jim would arise from his political tomb and return to his office in Boston.

Today, Mr. Curley, still somewhat rotund, his eyes as sparkling as ever and his health apparently improved, is sitting behind the huge desk in the center of the Boston Mayor's office.

He picks up one phone and snaps, "Bill, Mike O'Halloran was seen at a wrong meeting last night. Find out what he was doing there." Shifting to another phone he says, "Pat, come over and see me about those paving estimates." He is a busy and a happy man.

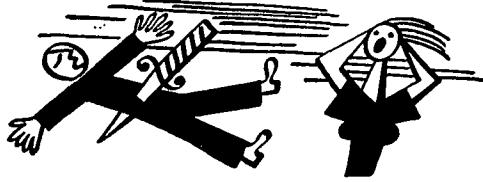
The big question now is this:

Will he "knife" the Democrats again next year for letting him go to jail, as he knifed Tobin in the last election; or will he be grateful to President Truman for commuting his sentence? On that may well hang the result of the Massachusetts vote.



THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



CLINICAL NOTES

Greasepaint Cerebrum. In older days, the rôle closest to the heart of an actor was the one which offered him as a male beauty passionately craved by numerous members of the fair sex. If it further presented him as a fellow of great valiance, preferably a Duc, who, clad in a white silk shirt with balloon sleeves, single-handed put to rout with his sword twenty or more minions of his enemy, his satisfaction knew no bounds. But times have changed. The rôle most courted by the actor of these later years is one which proffers him as a Thinker. To appear as a profound philosopher or scientist, or even merely as a mentality capable of meditating the current problems of the cosmos, affords him a larger ecstasy and a larger dose of unction to his vanity than his curly-haired, bull-chested predecessors ever enjoyed in rescuing the fair Lady Melrose from the foul embraces of the dissolute Comte de Beaulieu or in duelling all over the stage and by their pluck and spirit

arousing the admiration of the entire erstwhile foolishly contemptuous corps of Louis XIII's Musketeers.

Stage Trees. The trees of scene designers, be they of whatever species, generally resemble no tree or trees ever contemplated or produced by nature. I have now seen something like four or five thousand trees on the stage and the only occasions on which one looked anything like a tree was when the play was performed *al fresco*. Beholding the arboreal specimens in the usual stage production, I find myself jingling, "Poems are made by fools like me, But only God can't make a tree — like Jo Mielziner."

Intimate Revues. The day has surely come for someone to think up at least a slight departure from the routine pattern of the so-called intimate revues. One and all, they are much alike. First, the master of ceremonies with the patter. Second, the rough blues singer in a bright light followed by the dancing couple. Third, the sketch.

Fourth, again the rough blues singer in the bright light. Fifth, again the master of ceremonies and more patter. Sixth, the old vaudeville comedy act. Seventh, the sentimental singer in a pink light. Eighth, another sketch. Ninth, the female comedy singer, with gestures. Tenth, the master of ceremonies and still more patter. Eleventh, the café scene with imitations of well-known night club entertainers. And, after the intermission, first, the blues singer in the bright light accompanied by the tap dancer. Second, another sketch. Third, the sentimental singer in a purple light accompanied by the dancing couple. Fourth, the master of ceremonies and more still of the patter. Fifth, another comedy song number. Sixth, another sketch. And, finally, the ensemble shouting a song number at the tops of their lungs.

Sometimes it seems as if even a team of acrobats would provide a little novelty.

Caribbean Shows. The musical shows built around Caribbean island songs and dances usually have a good deal of life in them but the life is all of an aimless piece, like that in a puppy or rubber ball, and, though liveliness there unquestionably is, it consequently seems to be static and to revolve 'round and 'round in the same circle, like a squirrel in a rotating cage. The native dances are doubtless authentic, but since most of them seem to consist in impassioned efforts simultaneously to dislodge the sacro-

iliac and rupture the genital parts and since the dusky ladies and gentlemen who are parties thereto proudly display what after all look like everybody else's navels, the evenings scarcely progress. Especially and further since the backgrounds for most of the dances present the same old lopsided palm trees and smear of blue sea and since standing in front of them are the customary black girls with their shirts coyly dropped off their left shoulders and balancing either tall jars or flower-pots on their heads. The musical rhythms and jungle drums, like ice-skating and novels about Nell Gwynn, after a short time also become so monotonous that one finds one's attention wandering. Two and a half hours of dancers furiously chasing their umbilici back and forth on the stage and jungle drums making Ravel's *Bolero* sound in comparison like a Beethoven symphony may be tolerable in the West Indies if one has had enough Daiquiris, but in a theatre and without so much as one they are scarcely conducive to rapt interest.

Experimental Productions. I sometimes wonder at most of the so-called experimental business as it has been conducted in these parts. It too frequently seems to be the idea of the experimenters that any play is a worthy experimental item if only no professional producer has been willing to put it on. It similarly seems too frequently to be their idea that because no such producer has seen fit to

put it on it is ipso facto something that must be possessed of a strange and hidden merit. And if such a play, which should properly be staged in a more or less conventional manner, offers an opportunity to piscator it almost out of recognition with lantern slides, loud speakers, off-stage juke-boxes and topsy-turvy scenery, they grow delirious with delight.

Much of the local experimental undertaking in the last twenty or more years is an after-growth of the arrival on these shores of refugee producers and directors from the wars, both I and II. A few of these Central Europeans and Russians were men of imagination and talent, if sometimes too greatly given to freakishness of a wild and woolly order. But many more were second-raters without any real ability who attempted to conceal their lack of it in an approach to the stage that was even wilder and woollier and which was incompetent, immaterial and irrelevant to the plays upon which they imposed it. Yet their influence on local youth in the small, off-Broadway theatres was marked, and though that youth advanced in years and seeped into the larger theatres it unfortunately did not advance in any discrimination between what might conceivably be valid in the foreign staging and what was unmistakably fraudulent and silly. As a consequence, we were confronted from time to time by imitations of these alien charlatans which not only grieved the judicious but which grieved even more the plays, whether

good and bad, that were made to suffer from the apery.

Even at this late day the lesson still has not been learned, and plays that would be relatively more acceptable if staged honestly and simply are made ridiculous by staging and directing them as if they were the progeny of stereopticon machines, radios, moving pictures, amplifiers, forum platforms, church choirs, Greek burlesque shows, and the warden and matron of an institution for the mentally unbalanced. Incidental music is introduced with no warrant other than that it covers up the directors' inability to suggest otherwise a sense of dramatic flow. Steps leading into the auditorium and causing actors to migrate down them into the audience are resorted to to achieve an intimacy that sound and knowledgeable direction might incorporate into the play itself. And various other such tomfooleries convert the occasion less into one of drama than one largely indistinguishable from a vaudeville show plus only a plot.

Even when only a few of these excrescences are visible in a production, the few tend not to assist but further to wobble it. They impress the spectator as being arbitrarily introduced solely in the hope of deceiving him into a belief that there is more in the scanty script than meets the ear. They are, in short, to any reputable staging what a monkey is to an organ-grinder: a catchpenny distraction from the wheezing contribution of his instrument.

The Movies. Dudley Nichols is generally accepted to be one of the superior intellects of Hollywood. I quote, without comment, two statements which have recently issued from him:

(1) "Film is the white paper of our epoch: all literature will have to be republished on it."

(2) "It [the screen] is a superb medium if you want to say something; the trouble is it is so good that even if you have nothing to say it can still dazzle and entertain."

Fable. Once upon a time there was an actor so bad that he could not get a job. Someone one day chanced to mention the critics in his presence. Drawing himself up to his full height, he let out a contemptuous snort. "I never read criticisms of my work!" he declared.

Prejudice. When a critic is accused of prejudice, it often signifies only that his opinions are at variance with the prejudices of his accuser.

Mind in Drama. Two plays dealing with Galileo have seen production this season, and both were something

less than dramatically satisfactory. The reason therefor lay in the fact that the protracted argumentation unavoidable in any honest handling of the scientist's intellectual battle against the church tended to generate the over-all air of a lecture platform poorly camouflaged with stage settings. This is perhaps inevitable in any play about a man of profound thought, since such thought does not lend itself to active drama and to be given dramatic movement must be craftily filtered through a degree of wit and humor or distracted from itself by one chicane or another.

Profound thought, in brief, is embarrassed in drama save it be intimated rather than directly expressed, save it be used sparingly, and save it be colored now and then with the pretty dyes of emotion. The mind of a deep thinker calls in the theatre for a woman somewhere in the background sentimentally to interrupt it or for some similar dramaturgical humbuggery to give it an acceptable stage life. It may be sad that this is so, but drama, alas, seems to be as confounded and put out by a brain as the brain itself would be by the average drama.

THEORY OF VALUE

BY SISTER M. BERNETTA QUINN O.S.F.

It is never the faded ugly rose where the worm is sleeping,
Nor the vase long cracked that shatters across the floor.
It is the daintiest, deepest of all the roses, —
The Cloisonné with its dragons and fleurs d'or.

GERMAN ANTI-SEMITISM TODAY

BY RICHARD HANSER

WHEN American troops moved into Frankfurt-am-Main in March of 1945, some of them who could read German were amused to read an inscription scrawled on a bomb-shattered wall in the center of the city. It read:

"Hitler ist ein Jude!"

Here, it seemed, was the dementia of anti-Semitism carried to its ultimate absurdity. *"Hitler is a Jew!"* Some despairing German had written the sentence in an eleventh-hour outpouring of bitterness against the leader who had taught him that *Jude* was the vilest insult in all the language. Events had reduced the ponderous structure of the Nazi *Weltanschauung* to gabble.

In those months of our victory the National Socialist use of racial hatred as an instrument of policy and an implement of propaganda seemed irretrievably bankrupt, buried with the corpses of its victims under uncoun- ted tons of rubble, bombed and burned out of existence like the Third Reich itself. Never before had a people been given such a shattering object lesson

in the consequences of a system based on persecution and oppression.

Today, however, there is a vast amount of evidence to indicate that the lesson, overwhelming as it was, has not been learned. As the occupation of Germany approaches the end of its third year, anti-Semitism is everywhere resurgent and often openly violent. The democratization of Germany, a prime objective of the vast expenditure of occupation money and manpower, cannot be regarded as otherwise than a total failure as long as anti-Semitism contaminates and corrupts the majority of Germans. The facts show that anti-Semitism, far from having been eliminated or reduced by the occupation, is alarmingly on the increase.

In 1945 and 1946 American Military Government made careful surveys of the state of anti-Semitism in our zone. The 1946 survey showed a definite increase over the previous year. A more elaborate report completed in 1947 now reveals that the situation is such that less than 2 Germans in every 10 can be relied upon

RICHARD HANSER is now working as a staff writer for RKO Pathé, where he wrote the script for the documentary film, *Germany Today*. During the war he worked for the OWI as editor of a German-language paper which was dropped on Germany in American Flying Fortress raids. He has been contributing to a wide variety of national magazines.

to resist overt actions against the Jews. This is the statistical way of putting it. Actually, there have been anti-Semitic demonstrations where nobody, not even German officials who were present, made any resistance or protest.

"Anyone who imagines," the Berlin *Tagesspiegel* recently wrote, "that all Germans have by now recognized the road, the wrong road, that led to the mass killings, and that everyone hates that road and is ashamed of it, is very much mistaken. All that happened in the recent past is usually quietly forgotten, and it is no wonder that there is talk today of a new wave of anti-Semitism."

Not long ago Dr. Phillip Auerbach, commissioner for victims of racial, religious and political persecution, contributed an article to the *Donau-Kurier* in which he said: "Scenes take place in trains which are reminiscent of the worst days of the Third Reich. . . . In Berlin a Jewish citizen was pulled off the train and beaten up in the office of the station master. . . . In shops and restaurants the proprietors often refuse to serve Jews. . . . In the local cabaret at Bad Reichenhall somebody recited a jingle which went: 'The Jews are gobbling chocolate today. Only six million of them were gassed — too bad!' This was greeted with a storm of applause."

II

One of the clearest indications of the depth and prevalence of Germany's current anti-Semitism is the flood of

murderous vilification that pours through the mails whenever any effort is made to remind the Germans of their guilt in the slaughter of Jews. A mere warning over the Berlin radio against the revival of anti-Semitism was enough to bring hundreds of anonymous letters denouncing the Jews and threatening the life of the announcer. When the 4500 *Exodus* refugees were forcibly returned to Hamburg last September, the publishers of the *Wiesbadener Kurier* saw an opportunity for the Germans to demonstrate their "willingness to make good" in some small measure for the crimes committed against the Jewish people. The paper offered to contribute 28,000 marks to any *Land*, city, or village which would give "these victims of racial mania" a place to live, and the necessities of life. "We appeal to anybody who has preserved in his heart the ability to feel for the sufferings of others to join with us!" the paper wrote. Newspapers and radios throughout the American and British zones repeated the appeal.

The response, according to the United Press, was "a sullen wall of silence which would have satisfied Hitler and Goebbels." The silence was not quite complete, however. There *was* a response to the appeal. It consisted of a torrent of vituperative letters reeking of Nazi party-line propaganda.

Just outside of Berlin in the Soviet Zone is the little town of Kleinmachnow. The suburban train that runs

from there to Berlin without any stops between is continually defaced with obscene scribbings against Jews and the occupation authorities, and this is an accurate index to conditions that prevail in Kleinmachnow itself. Burglaries and other depredations committed there are usually the work of Red Army deserters, but an officially posted police announcement recently said:

Inhabitants of Kleinmachnow!

Do not let any UNRRA Jews into your houses during the day. It has been stated that Jews enter the houses during the day attempting to sell or buy something. On these occasions they spy out where they can break in. . . .

UNRRA Jews have no permission to enter the Russian Zone. Every citizen of Kleinmachnow must know where the nearest telephone is in order to call the police if he hears a suspicious noise.

Support the police and protect your property.

Signed, Baier, Police Chief.

The town administration, notorious for its pro-Nazi proclivities, recently imposed a 100 per cent rent raise on all victims of fascism living in Kleinmachnow. Some months ago the mayor and the head of the food administration were in a local café with two friends, a former SS man and an erstwhile Nazi Party member. At a nearby table was a Jewish DP named Mischka Czucker with a woman friend. The two officials and their friends, all drunk, began blurting out anti-Semitic abuse, and the mayor finally ordered the Jew from the café. Czucker protested that he was causing no disturbance and harming no one.

The mayor had him thrown out bodily by the police.

Czucker preferred charges and, after a delay of months, the two officials were brought to trial. They were acquitted on a legal technicality. A few weeks later Czucker's headless corpse was found in a woods.

III

There are half a million DPs in Austria, and only 30,000 are Jews. But it is the Jews who are singled out for blame and denunciation when public dissatisfaction with current conditions grows acute. Thus a protest meeting in Ischl against a breakdown in the milk supply was turned into an anti-Semitic demonstration when speakers, several of whom were officials of the community, began attacking the inhabitants of the *Goldenes Kreuz* Hotel, occupied solely by Jewish DPs. These attacks were met with riotous enthusiasm by the crowd of 200, which moved upon the hotel, began stoning it, shaking fists and shouting: "Down with the Jews!" and "Throw the Jews out!" and "Hang the Jews!" It was necessary for MG troops to disperse the demonstrators.

An American Military Court investigated the affair and imposed stiff sentences on the speakers, who were found guilty of inciting to riot. The sentences were subsequently reviewed and greatly reduced by the American High Commissioner, Lieutenant-General Geoffrey Keyes, who nevertheless sternly condemned the participants and emphasized that Austrian

officials present at the demonstration did nothing whatever to restrain it. Most significant, however, was the attitude of the Austrian press. With one accord, from extreme right to far left, the papers raised a hue and cry against the sentences, hotly defended the speakers, and did everything possible to minimize the demonstration as of no consequence. The Communist *Neues Oesterreich* of Vienna dismissed what was indisputably an anti-Semitic riot as *eine kleine Schreierei* — “a little shouting and yelling.”

In such an atmosphere it is perhaps no wonder that the lapel pins issued to designate victims of Nazi oppression are no longer displayed because, far from bringing their wearers consideration, they invite abuse; that a monument erected in Berlin to commemorate Nazi crimes against Jews was wrecked almost as soon as it went up; that in Nuremberg anti-Semitic leaflets, expertly printed in four colors, have been widely distributed; that Jewish DP camps have been openly stoned and Jewish cemeteries desecrated; that Rabbi Barnett R. Brickner, after a tour of Germany, gave it as his opinion that if occupation troops were withdrawn tomorrow the Jewish DPs would leave the camps and scatter for their lives; and that Rabbi Phillip S. Bernstein, formerly advisor on Jewish affairs to the American Military Governor, has warned of the possibility of pogroms.

In a scientific sampling of the German public, based on more than 3000 interviews, the Opinion Survey Head-

quarters of American Military Government found that six out of every ten Germans in the American Zone are “deeply imbued” with anti-Semitic feelings. Eighteen per cent were found to be “rabid” anti-Semites, with the others either willing to condone overt action against the Jews or able to rationalize such action. The current resurgence of anti-Semitism, according to the MG survey, coincided with the revival of German nationalism. Both began to emerge when the population showed the first signs of recovery from the stunned apathy which followed defeat, and both increased with the amelioration of Military Government policy which shifted away from the “universal guilt” line to one of conciliating the Germans and jockeying for their favor against the Russians. The Germans, finding themselves allowed to speak out with comparative freedom, ceased their wary concealment of how they really felt about the Jews. Thus, in a recent public speech, the Bavarian Minister of Economics, Rudolph Zorn, did not hesitate to inflame popular prejudice by placing the blame for the omnipresent black market solely on the DPs. This was going a little too far, however, even for our excessively indulgent occupation authorities. It was necessary for General Lucius Clay, the Military Governor, to refute the slander and issue a harsh rebuke in a statement to the American Zone Council of German States.

The MG survey discovered that

anti-Semitism is much more pronounced among German women than among the men "even when other factors — *e.g.*, education — are taken into account." Fraternization among our troops and German women is of course extensive and uninhibited, with the result that many Americans are contaminated by the racial hatred of the *Fräuleins* they consort with. This interplay of attitudes between troops and the population spreads the poison in ever-widening circles.

The blackness of the picture is deepened by the fact that Germany's renascent anti-Semitism cannot be ascribed simply to unregenerate Nazi and neo-Nazi elements; it extends even to sections of the population which are regarded as politically untainted. In an analysis of the situation written for the New York *Aufbau*, Dr. Samuel Gringauz, former president of the Congress of Liberated Jews in the United States Zone, reports that the Nazi underground is for the present avoiding overt anti-Semitic action. Most such actions and incidents, says Dr. Gringauz, have been traced to persons who are simply acting under the compulsion of elemental anti-Jewish prejudice. This is confirmed by the MG survey, which found that neither service in the *Wehrmacht* nor membership in the Nazi Party has much bearing on the prejudice felt. "Nor are the people who grew up under the Nazi régime much more prejudiced than are those who were adults when Hitler came to power," the survey states.

The basic causes for this state of affairs have been isolated by official and unofficial investigators. The causes include such obvious and time-worn explanations as the search for a scapegoat, someone to blame for the undeniably wretched plight of the Germans; and a deep-seated and often subconscious feeling of guilt which seeks assuagement in the conviction that the Jews deserved what they got. Added to these is a nostalgia for the good old Hitler days when everything was better, and a delusion that Jews are guiding our occupation with the intention of deliberately keeping Germany in subjection and misery. (This latter belief is not, of course, affected in the least by the fact that our policy includes the shipment of millions of tons of supplies into Germany.)

Very simply, there is still a blind and insensate compulsion on the part of tens of thousands of Germans to blame the Jews for everything — the lack of housing, the skimpy rations, the overfilled trains and street cars, the paralyzed economy, the catastrophic past and the black and hopeless future. The prototype of the present-day German has been described as "a sullen cynic who whines before his conquerors, shrugs at democracy and looks to another war as a possible solution for his present troubles."

IV

Various counter-measures have been proposed to eradicate this cancer whose continued growth threatens to

negate everything the occupation hopes to accomplish. It has been proposed to General Clay that anti-Semitism be made a crime punishable with rigid penalties. This has been rejected on the ground that it would only drive anti-Semitism underground and do nothing to improve the situation. General Clay favors a broad, rounded campaign of education and democracy which, if it could be made effective, would reduce anti-Semitism as a matter of course. To this end numerous projects have been launched, including an elaborate youth program, discussion clubs, radio programs, lectures, films, the dissemination of magazines, books and newspapers — in short, all the devices of persuasion and public information with which a democracy operates. But these efforts are scattered, fragmentary, often haphazard, sometimes contradictory. In none of them is anti-Semitism a specific target.

The outlook for any sweeping improvement within the foreseeable future is extremely gloomy. The MG survey itself holds out little encouragement. It says: "Possibly some reduction in anti-Semitism can be achieved if there is a positive program of organized and directed effort, but complete elimination is a very long-range problem, likely to take generations."

There is at present no "positive program of organized and directed effort" in our Military Government setup. Obviously a fundamental step would be a drastic improvement of

the German economy which would banish the all-pervading atmosphere of desperation and decay in which hatreds and resentments of every kind pullulate and multiply. Without this *sine qua non* of the German problem it is futile to teach the youth baseball and harangue their elders on the virtues of democracy and brotherhood.

The complete elimination of anti-Semitism would no doubt be too much to hope for even under an ideally managed occupation. But it ought not to be beyond our powers to arrange things so that a change takes place in the very young Germans who can still be salvaged. It would be well worth while, for instance, to effect a change in young Germans like the little girl who used to hang around the Palace of Justice in Nuremberg.

She was always in the crowd of children who waited for the Americans as they came out of the building, on the chance of receiving a piece of chocolate or cigarette for papa. The little girl, a shy and winning creature of about four, became the pet of one of the American officers. Time after time he singled her out for special favors, and she soon was able to spot him in any crowd. He never disappointed her, and was charmed that she came to recognize him so readily. One evening he accompanied his gift of a candy bar with the comment:

"So you know who I am now?"

She beamed happily up at him and nodded. "Ja," she said, "*ein dreckiger Jude*. . . ."

THE WIND IS BLIND

A STORY

BY JAMES WESLEY INGLES

I SOMETIMES wonder what has happened to the Stevens family. They interested me from the beginning. I had seen them sitting on the worn front steps, singing to the accompaniment of their father's guitar. Sometimes I could hear the children's voices all the way down at our house through the still evening air, and they seemed as happy as if they owned a mansion, although they had nothing but the tiny yellow cottage, and a sagging red barn, and the few feet of grass between them.

I often wondered just how they managed to live. Hubert Stevens was a cheerful sort of fellow, apparently contented with a lot that grew increasingly difficult with each succeeding child born into the family. He cultivated for himself a small vegetable garden across the river on a farm where he worked occasionally as a hired hand. In the winter he cut wood. Between odd jobs, he loafed, smoked his pipe, went "gunnin' with the boys," sang songs in the twilight, and cut a gay figure at the country dances.

We gave Ada Stevens work, although we did not see how she could do it with five children of her own to care for and she not long out of childhood herself. The baby, that would have been her second son, was still-born. She claimed that her oldest child, a girl of twelve, could help her at home while she was with us. And, knowing that they needed the money, we were glad to give her the chance. She worked well and cheerfully a few hours each morning.

One evening Hubert Stevens strolled down the road toward the old farmhouse which we were renovating for our summer home. I was weeding the driveway as he came by, and he stopped to talk. His youngest accompanied him. She was a curly-headed child with sturdy bow-legs and her father's sunny face. She held his hand and watched me bashfully.

"Good evenin'," he said pleasantly. His smile was the sort that illuminates the whole face, beginning at the mouth and ending around the eyes. "You're doin' a fussy job," he grinned. I am sure he thought that it was quite

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as futile as it was fussy. Why should a man waste the last lovely hour of daylight weeding a driveway?

Perhaps I was thinking of this when I said in reply to his remark, "Seems rather foolish. It grows right up again —"

I plucked a few more scattered bits of grass and weeds in stiff silence. "Are you working now?" I asked finally, knowing that he was, but wishing to encourage him.

"Yes," he said, "up to Tide Mill on the ro'd." He had the Maine way of saying "road" so that it sounded like "rud." "Drivin' truck," he explained.

"Fine," I said. "That's fine."

"You know," he sighed, "there ain't much for those of us that hasn't a trade these days."

"Nor for some that have a trade," I added.

He hoped he would get work on the new bridge, or perhaps at the Iron Works in Bath, now that construction was booming there again.

The little girl Kathy began to cry the weary whimper of a tired child. Her father picked her up gently.

"Let's go home," he said to her. "Mother's not back yet, though," he warned her, as if he wanted me to hear. Then to me directly, he said, "She went to 'Gusta."

"I know," I said. She had told my wife she would not be able to come to work that day. She had a chance to ride up to the city with a neighbor and she wanted to get a permanent wave. She had asked for the money

due her in a note delivered by the oldest girl.

The youngest now, barefooted and cold in the chill evening air, continued to whimper her weariness. Her father comforted her. "There now," he said. "You're Daddy's girl, ain't you?" he murmured proudly, a contented glow of simple joy spreading over his whole face. The child clung to him affectionately.

"She certainly loves you," I said.

"Yes," he agreed solemnly. "You know I lost a boy this spring."

I nodded. I had heard of it.

"And nearly lost my wife too—" A cloud crossed his face at the thought. "I feared I'd be left with them alone."

The last warm color faded from the sky behind the great empty house across the road.

One of the older girls came down for him, and he left me, walking slowly back up the road with the sleepy child slung like a lamb across his shoulder.

"Come again," I said, for I felt in him a wordless longing for fellowship, for understanding.

II

But it was nearly two weeks before he came again, and this time he was alone and it was dark.

I was reading in the study off the kitchen when a rap followed footsteps at the back door. My wife went to open it; and I heard the voice of Hubert Stevens asking her how long Ada had worked for us that morning.

There was a tenseness in his voice that troubled me. Eventually I rose and went to the door also.

He stood on the great stone step uneasily.

"Good evenin'," he said courteously to me.

"Won't you come in?" I urged.

"No," he said, "no thanks." And then, "I just wondered —" he said to my wife without repeating for my benefit the reason for his call.

The rising white moon had now replaced with milky light the gray dusk after sunset. A lamp on the bracket near the kitchen window threw an orange glow against his face and on the gray shingled shed behind him. He had filled his pipe with nervous fingers and prepared to light it. The flare of a match in his cupped hands illuminated further the ruddy cleanness of his face. There was no smile now, only a sort of grim pathos.

"She's threatened more than once to leave me, you know," he said, as if we should have heard rumors of it.

"No — we didn't know —" Pat and I exclaimed together.

"I thought maybe they told you."

Evidently the neighbors had been strangely silent on the subject.

"Yes," he said, after a long pull at the freshly lighted pipe, "it's this fellow Ronigan. I wouldn't feel so bad," he muttered with the pipe between his teeth, "if he was better'n me, but he's no more'n a common tramp. He's got nothin'. I fed him often last winter, even give him shoes. But I don't understand what ails

Ada," he sighed. "I thought she'd get over it. Ada's not a bad girl really. But she says she won't give him up. She's tryin' to earn money now for her divorce —"

Pat was surprised. "Why —" she said, "I would never think —"

"No," he said, "Ada's a good actor. She don't show her feelin's."

"Perhaps her baby dying —" my wife suggested. She had been a nurse.

"May be. But it was goin' on before that."

His pipe had smouldered out again. He sucked it vigorously but in vain. "I'm afraid I may come home one night and find her gone. She meets him now 'cross the river. That's why I come down to see how long she worked today. I can't believe her no more."

And we could hardly believe it after he had gone. It seemed incredible that the faithful wife and mother we had known should really be this sort of woman. We walked out into the moonlight and stood together silent. A lake of mist lay on the hollow fields, white beneath the glowing moon, and in the midst of the lake there floated the tops of a cluster of elms like a dark island in the misty waters.

"Do you remember," I said, "how I used to point to that family as evidence that money isn't essential to happiness?"

Pat nodded but did not smile.

And after we came in, I could not make coherent sense of anything I tried to read. On every page I saw his face, ruddy and puzzled like that

of a patient ox, unable to comprehend the anger of the goad nor the direction of the confusing voices shouting around his head.

III

Ada Stevens came to work the following day with her usual friendliness, casual and unperturbed.

We had not yet finished breakfast, and she sat down in a kitchen chair until our dishes should be ready. I observed her closely with a new interest, trying to penetrate the mask that was her face. It wasn't beautiful, but her eyes were a lustrous brown and her lips were round and smooth and red like cherries. And her body was chunky and solid, with full breasts balancing her round hips.

It was a hot morning, prophetic of a stifling noon. A lone cloud wandered in the clean sky like a child wading in a pool of still water.

"The kids are beggin' me to have a picnic," she said. Our children had begun the demand and hers had taken it up. We felt responsible. My wife agreed to put up a lunch and accompany them to the river.

About noon I watched them go up the road in their bathing suits to join the Stevens children. Behind their cottage and the schoolhouse, a steep pasture sloped down to the river's edge. There, in a shallow bend, where water purred over shaly rock, was an ideal spot for children to bathe and splash in. Two placid cows shared its quietness with them.

When they returned, Pat said she

could not understand how it could be true of her. She seemed kind and gentle toward the children.

But one morning after she left us, we saw her walk off toward the river and the broken bridge instead of toward her cottage. And another day she stood in front of Ellsworth Hall, where the church held its suppers and socials, and there talked openly with Sidney Ronigan. Pat called me to the window to see him.

There was something bold in his face that wasn't bravery, a sort of insolence that defied the better instincts of the little village. His blond hair was bleached almost white by the sun, and his face was burned red.

But outside of these meetings with Ronigan, Ada seemed to play the part of faithful wife to Hubert. She put up his lunch and did his washing and kept his house.

And in the evenings she would stroll down to the old bridge with her husband and her children. Construction had been started on the new bridge of steel and concrete to replace the picturesque relic of a simpler age.

Pat and I also began to walk down occasionally at dusk after the children were in bed. It became a sort of ritual to witness the progress of the day's work on the bridge. One evening we found the whole Stevens family there, apparently happy as if no rift had appeared or would ever come to mar the serene contentment of their lives.

The little child Kathy sat too near the edge of the embankment of soft earth. Pat voiced her fear, but Ada

said, "She's not afraid —" as if commending her fearlessness.

Hubert was explaining to Ada the use of the tall boom and of the various other mechanical devices set up for the construction of the bridge. He seemed to take pleasure in explaining for her the uses of the machinery, but she showed the passive interest of a woman whose mind was on other things while her lips said, "What is that for?", pointing to a heavy pile-driver now prone on the ground.

"Isn't it strange?" I said to Pat as we turned homeward.

IV

Hubert must have laid his trap with blundering success, for one day he returned shortly after noon. Sidney Ronigan occasionally walked down to the Post Office corner and asked one of the Stevens children if their father were home. When the answer was negative, as it usually was, he advanced to the cottage. The post-mistress had observed it often, and had told me about it, and had probably told Hubert.

At any rate, they met just behind the Post Office that occupied one corner of the little box of a store. I happened to have come up to meet the mail car and saw the whole thing through the rear window of the store.

Sidney and Ada had almost reached the corner. Sidney was carrying two pails of water from the upper spring for her. He was astonished to see Hubert approaching, and fearing trouble, he set down the pails. Hubert

walked up to him, his eyes blazing, and without a word swung his fist at Ronigan's jaw with jarring force, but struck only a glancing blow. Ronigan came back from his feint with both arms swinging, head down as a bull would charge.

Hubert could do little against the flaying arms. He caught Ronigan by his long yellow hair and flung him down on the platform of the shed back of the store. Then he leaped in for the kill. And he might indeed have killed him, but Ada, until then watching with a savage fascination the spectacle of two males fighting for possession of her, leaped first and protected with her body the man she loved against her husband's anger. Her cries reached us even in the store and frightened her younger children who had swarmed upon the scene. Their piteous and confused whimpering and his wife's body protecting his enemy seemed to break Hubert's will.

He walked off toward the cottage alone.

That same evening he joined me as I was going to the other spring across the river for drinking water. "I just wanted to tell you Ada won't be down in the morning," he said, with a frightened frown on his ruddy face. "She's leavin' me tonight, takin' the children with her up the Goshen ro'd." He made pretense to lift his cap to scratch his head, but I could see it was to wipe a tear.

"Come with me," I urged, wondering what I should say to him. "I'm going to the spring —" I said, as if the

pails in my hands were not sufficient explanation.

He walked with me down the hill, and his gait was like that of a man following the coffin of his wife to her grave.

"Sometimes I think she'd be better off dead," he murmured, as if he were conscious of my thought. "That's an awful thing to say."

I remembered how he said he had feared he might lose her in the spring with the stillborn child.

"I thought you were getting along better," I said. "What happened?"

Then he told me about the fight which he did not know I had seen.

"After that," he said, "I told her she might as well go now if she was set on doin' it. So she's leavin'. He's sendin' down for her and the kids tonight."

"He must love her," I said somewhat cynically, "to take the whole family."

"I'm afraid he'll just take what he wants, get her in the family way again, and then throw her out. She can't see that."

"Is there no one who could help her to see?" I asked, picking my way across wet and rotted boards, around pumps, and up the steep side of the farther bank. He trailed me like a faithful dog. "Perhaps my wife —" I suggested.

"It's gone too fur for that. She's willful, Ada is. But she does think a whole lot of your wife," he added hopefully.

We reached the spring. I dipped

two pails of clear sparkling water from the tub set in the hill's side; and we started back.

"She's turned the house over to me, so the kids will have a place to come back to. It was her house, you know." I didn't know, but I did not admit my ignorance. "She had some money left her, and we bought this place," he explained.

"Is there no law —" I said, trying to think of some way to aid him.

"No," he said. "I've been to lawyers. None of 'em will touch the case. I've no money. And they say she's within her rights if she goes up there as his housekeeper."

"Housekeeper!" I said. "What sort of place does he have?"

"It's a small house, fourth one on the left up the Goshen ro'd. Lonely up there. I can't see why —"

Nor could I see.

Pat had been asked to assist at the choir rehearsal. I planned to drive her up, but first I told her what had detained me. She agreed to talk with Ada.

I sat in the car at the corner waiting for her while she went to the door. Another car was parked on the grass beside the house, and a hard-faced stranger sat upon the running board, breaking a twig between his fingers.

I saw Pat stand at the door a moment, while Ada herded the curious children inside. It was dark now, but yellow light from the windows streamed across the bright green grass that looked artificial under the light like grass on a stage.

The two women came out into the small cleared space between the red barn and the yellow cottage. I tried not to watch them as they stood talking, but studied the dial of the speedometer on the dash, picking out the numbers from zero to one hundred. Another car roared down the road between us.

The little boy was loose and roaming restlessly about the old sedan where the stoical man sat like a carved Fate upon the running board. The boy said excitedly, "We're going away —"

"What are you talking about?" growled the man, relapsing immediately into his mysterious silence. I learned later that he was a friend of Sidney Ronigan's come to move the family up to Goshen, although he had no relish for the task.

The two women talked for some time, until I thought it would be useless to drive on to choir rehearsal. Finally I saw Hubert emerge from the house and approach the two. Pat told me later that he said, "Well, what have you decided?" His voice threw the scales of decision the wrong way.

Pat left soon afterward and joined me in the car. I opened the door, and she dropped in and put her handkerchief to her mouth and closed her eyes briefly. I could see that she was deeply moved.

"You could do nothing?" I said at length when we had topped a rise on the way to Tide Mill.

"Nothing," she said, gaining control of herself. "I felt for a time as if I

might get somewhere, but she's determined. Says she doesn't love Hubert and she's tired of keeping up the show. She thinks it's better for the children that she live openly with the man she loves."

"Does she think it will help the children to be in the company of that sort of — of —" I felt around futilely for an adequate epithet.

"She doesn't think of that. I reminded her that the children love their father. She said she wouldn't keep them from seeing him, but she loves Sidney and she will have him. It's a romantic sort of illusion, I suppose, induced by the movies and the soap operas. She'll wake up some morning with an awful hangover, but that won't help the children. It's the children I'm concerned for."

When we returned from choir rehearsal, they were gone.

I put the car away in the barn and walked slowly to the house. The star-studded sky rolled like a moving canopy above the black shapes of trees as I walked.

v

One evening, some days later, a musical program was staged on the lawn across from us for the benefit of the new Ellsworth Hall kitchen. Ice cream was for sale and there were games to play.

We watched the cars gather and the small crowd assemble. The headlights furnished the general illumination, while a gasoline lamp threw a brilliant white glare on the piano

which had been moved to an improvised platform. The house directly behind it acted as a sort of sounding board, and we could hear everything from our front hall.

The "Hill-Billy Boy," as he was called, served as master-of-ceremonies. After piano jazz duos, painful violin scraping, and a sour cornet solo, we heard the Hill-Billy Boy announce a name that sounded like Marguerite Stevens. She was Hubert's oldest girl. I went to the door and looked across the road. It was Marguerite. She began to sing in a sweet bird-like voice that dropped into a different subtle quality in the lower register as a boy's voice slips into falsetto in the higher.

She sang romantically, sentimentally, with apparently no sense of the irony in the words:

When your hair has turned to silver,
I will love you just the same;
I will always call you sweetheart;
That will always be your name.
Through a garden filled with roses,
Down the sunlit trail we'll stray.
When your hair has turned to silver,
I will love you as today.

There was a great clapping of hands and blaring of horns following the sentimental number. It was the first manifestation of enthusiasm the crowd had shown. I wondered if Hubert Stevens were listening.

The next day Hubert approached me as I worked in the yard, laying out and levelling ground for a badminton court.

"Working hard?" he asked me, and he tried to smile.

"I have to get some exercise—" I said.

After an embarrassing silence, I said, "Marguerite stole the show last night." The faint and sickly attempt at a smile on his face became even more painful.

"She has a nice voice," he agreed.

"I thought we'd hear your guitar—" I said. I remembered how he had once played it on the doorstep in the dusk with his children.

"No," he drawled, shaking his head sadly. "I can't do that now. It's gone somehow."

I could understand that.

"You don't know how I miss her," he said.

I had never had the experience, but I did not entirely lack imagination. We stood where we could look across the fields to the point at which the Goshen road plunged into a wall of lonely woods. An ancient Model T Ford buzzed up the clay ribbon, trailing a cloud of yellow dust like a smoke screen laid down by a plane. I could see his eyes following it up the road. He chewed a piece of grass.

"It's goin' to be mighty lonely for her too," he said. "She's used to seein' cars pass by our door all the time. We lived once in the woods up to Jefferson. She almost went crazy days while I was off workin', and then at night when I'd come home, she'd brighten up and sing—"

"What made her go off there?" I asked bluntly. "Can't you think of anything?"

He tried to think. "She says I was

gone too often evenin's — and I suppose that's true — but, I don't know." He gave up the attempt. It only puzzled him more apparently to think of reasons for her going. "You know," he said, "she was like a good wife to me to the very last, slept in my bed and didn't withhold herself from me. She even kissed me good-bye when she left. 'Buck up —' she says, 'buck up —'"

What a curious farewell, I thought, leaving a man and taking his children.

"And now," he continued, thinking aloud, "she's takin' care of him, and doin' more perhaps — although I hate to say it."

His naive way of suggesting it amused me. Did he imagine I thought she had gone up that lonely road merely to keep house for another man?

"She says," he explained, "that she sleeps upstairs with the girls, and Sidney sleeps downstairs with the boy. But I believe they're sleepin' together right now like man and wife."

"I suppose so —" I admitted.

"You don't know how that makes

me feel," he said. "I've always loved Ada. I used to sit in the woods eatin' my lunch, and I could see her at home with the children, and it made the work go faster —"

"You still love her?"

"Sure I love her," he said. "I can hardly sleep at night thinkin' of her." He looked off up the Goshen road.

"That is the test of love," I mumbled to myself, "the ineffaceable image in the heart." I did not expect him to hear, or hearing, to understand. But he did.

"That's it —" he said dully. "I can see her now —"

He turned away and started for home without a word.

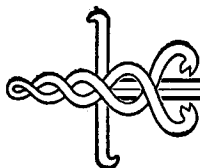
That night when I walked to the Post Office on the corner, I saw the little yellow cottage, now empty and forlorn, without a sign of the life with which it once was crowded. No smoke drifted from the chimney and no childish voices echoed from within. A faded blue workshirt hung disconsolately on a line, and an empty wash tub stood on its side near the steps like a hollow drum.

MASQUE

BY LILLIAN EVERTS

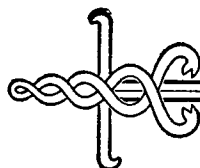
The years congeal what they conceal,
till not a one can mark
the multiple elves of all her selves
dancing in the dark . . .

3 lines of defense



YOU are the first line of defense!

Alertness is your job. It's up to you to note cancer's warnings early, while chances of cure are best. That's why you, and everyone, should learn cancer's "danger signals" (they are listed on opposite page), and tell your doctor at once if any of these warnings appear. Sometimes cancer gives *no* warning, so it's also wise to have a thorough medical examination at least once a year.



The second line of defense is diagnosis!

This is your doctor's job. The "danger signals" are NOT sure signs of cancer, so it's up to your doctor to find out their cause. In many cases the doctor may advise further examination at a cancer clinic or hospital, or by a specialist. If he does, don't be alarmed. The chances are you don't have cancer. For example, out of 654 women who visited one clinic because most of them had suspicious symptoms, 605 or 92½ per cent were found to be completely free of cancer!

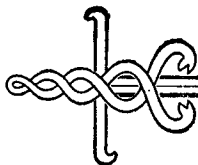
For further helpful information about cancer and to learn more about protecting yourself from this

disease, write for Metropolitan's free booklet, 48-L, "There's Something YOU Can Do About Cancer."

TO VETERANS — IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE — KEEP IT!

against **CANCER**

The third line of defense is prompt treatment!



There are still no drugs, no pills, no "sure cures" for cancer. The only treatments that have been successful are *surgery*, which removes the cancer, and *radiation*, which destroys it. Success often depends upon starting treatment early. Medical experience shows that the chances of effecting a cure are *much greater* when proper treatment begins in the early stages of the disease. Cancer research and education are progressing through the all-out efforts of public and private agencies. But *you* are still "the first line of defense."

These are cancer's "danger signals"

1. Any unexplained lump or thickening, especially in the breast. 2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding. 3. A sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips. 4. Noticeable changes in the color or size of a mole or wart. 5. Loss of appetite or continued unexplained indigestion. 6. Any persistent change in normal elimination. 7. Any persistent hoarseness or unexplained cough.

Some hopeful news about cancer

While cancer is the second greatest cause of death, exceeded only by diseases of the heart, real progress is being made in controlling it.

Today, if treatment is started before the disease spreads, it is estimated that cures can be expected in 3 out of 4 cases of cancer of the breast, in 4 out of 5 cases of cancer of the mouth, and in over 9 out of 10 cases of skin cancer.

Pain is not an early symptom of cancer.

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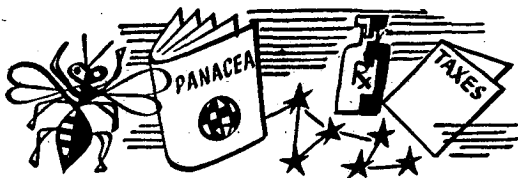
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THE SOAP BOX



EDITORIAL NOTES

Shop Talk. A writer from the former home state of the late Senator Theodore Bilbo has been bombarding us with two-page, single-spaced typewritten letters, reminding the staff that the end of the world is not far off, and urging us to tell our readers that they had better hurry "to make a complete accounting of themselves, their transgressions against the Word, their hellish thoughts, their iniquitous dreams, and all other things not suited to His Presence." . . . Such letters come to almost every editorial desk, but their number has greatly increased since the end of World War II. This has been our experience at the *MERCURY*, and we understand that the same has been true with other magazines. . . . One woman, who must be nearly eighty years of age and whose home is in Passaic, New Jersey, comes to the office about once a month, bringing a huge batch of poems and picking up a batch which she had left with us on her previous trip. We have offered to return her verses (all of them, unfortunately,

have been quite feeble) by mail, but she claims that "the United States Post Office is unreliable, and I certainly don't want those messy mail carriers finding out what I think about." . . . Fifteen, twenty years ago we used to receive several manuscripts a week from prisoners, some of whose work was of very high quality. We refer to Ernest Booth, author of "We Rob a Bank," and to Robert Blake, author of "The Law Takes its Toll" (later turned into the play, *The Last Mile*), to mention only two that come to mind. It is nearly three years now, since we last received a manuscript from a prisoner. His article, we regret to report, was a vigorous defense of the philosophy of Dr. Coué, who preached that people could heal themselves by repeating the formula, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better," or something of the sort. After we rejected the manuscript, we received a sharp note from the author denouncing us as "spiritual reactionaries," a phrase that we hereby donate, with no strings attached, to the staff philosophers of the so-called Progressive Citi-

zens of America. We also give permission to Mr. Henry Wallace to use the phrase without giving us any credit. . . . The following two incidents took place in the same week recently. A young man, whose manuscript we accepted, complained bitterly when he received the proof of his article, because we had made a few minor changes in his article for reasons of greater clarity. He was horrified that we dared tamper with his prose. On the other hand, we received a charming letter expressing gratitude to us for the rather extensive changes we had made, again for reasons of clarity, in a longish article on a delicate international subject. The author of this letter of thanks is an elderly man, known all over the world, most of whose twenty-odd books have been translated into every important language. . . . An examination of our records discloses that the state we hear from least is Wyoming. In fact, we haven't received a worthy manuscript from any one of its residents for about ten years. We wonder why.

The call issued a half year ago for profiles of colleges has so far brought forth no more than four manuscripts. They dealt with the University of Buffalo, the University of California, the Johns Hopkins University, and the University of Chicago. We hope that shortly they will appear in these pages. What surprises us is that we have heard from no other institution of higher learning. Time was when col-

lege boys and girls leaped at every opportunity to "tell all" about their academic lives, to castigate their intellectual overlords, or to sing hymns of praise to those among their professors who had something to say or had human juices in their veins. But now college students barely write to magazines concerned with cultural matters. What has happened?

The editorial staff of THE AMERICAN MERCURY does not include any Olympic champions of the distant or more recent past, and it was not represented in the recent Olympic games in Switzerland. But we are not anti-sport at all. Quite the contrary. One of us is so close and cosmopolitan a follower of developments in the sports world that he has found nearly a hundred errors of fact in a recently published encyclopedia of sports and disdainfully refuses to consult it, much to the chagrin of the financial department which laid out considerable hard cash to purchase it for the editorial library. Another member of the staff is interested in bob-sledding; plain sledding and skiing. A third is a fanatical baseball fan who still orates, on the slightest inducement, about the historic catch Al Gionfriddo made in the classic sixth game of the 1947 World Series. Needless to say, he was at the game, but as a fan of the purest ray serene he didn't root for either the Yankees or the Dodgers. He rooted, to use his own words, for "the art and science of baseball."

. . . It is therefore easy to see what friendly and expert attention sports articles get at the *MERCURY*. Unfortunately we haven't received many of a nature suited to our pages. Of course, we cannot devote too much space to such pieces, but we would like to print an occasional one. We invite correspondence on the subject from prospective authors.



In this issue there is an excellent article on the Hon. James Michael Curley, the fantastic Mayor of Boston, Massachusetts, by Frank L. Kluckhohn. Mr. Curley, however, is only one aspect of the Boston scene. Other people and other factors have also helped to bring the former cultural center of the United States to its present questionable position. While the town still enjoys one of the best symphony orchestras in the United States, a first-rate public-library system, a group of medical schools and hospitals that are among the most advanced in the world, it is no secret that in many other respects it has declined sadly in the past few decades — not only culturally but also commercially. THE AMERICAN MERCURY was perhaps the first magazine in its class to point out the tragedy that has befallen Boston. Way back in December 1925 it described the twilight that was descending upon the city. We would now like to print another article on the same subject, one that brings the sad annals of the city down to date. We do not want a batch of editorial

paragraphs; we want a documented article. What Bostonian will undertake such an article?

A NOTE ON THE FIRST AMENDMENT

I don't remember the Communists and fellow-travelers getting very excited about the "violation" of the First Amendment when the bandits of the late German-American Bund and the screwballs of the America Firsters, *et al.*, were being questioned in New York, Washington and elsewhere as to their affiliations with various political organizations. If it was right to ask suspected America Firsters whether they belonged to this or that organization, why isn't it right to ask suspected Communists and fellow-travelers whether they belong to or follow the principles of the Communist Party? . . . But I'm really getting at something else. I believe wholeheartedly in the First Amendment. There are few things in social living as sacred as the right to free speech, free press and free assembly. These rights belong to everybody — *except* to those who have shown in the past they would use these rights to abolish them once they got into power. Proved murderers are not allowed to roam free in society. Proved enemies of free speech should not be allowed to enjoy it so that they may destroy it eventually. I think this is sound Americanism and plain common sense. Look at Czechoslovakia!

PETER X. CARVALLHO

Chicago, Ill.

WAR AND DEPRESSION

In a previous article ["Two Fears that Grip Us," appearing in "The Soap Box" in November 1947] I mentioned the two big fears that now grip the American people — the fear of another depression and the fear of another war. . . .

Let us consider the depression first. How can we prevent the next depression? If we do nothing, the depression is inevitable, after this inflation period has spent itself. At present, our political leaders are divided into the New Dealers and the anti-New Dealers. I believe that both of these are wrong. The New Deal was based on spending government money — mostly borrowed money — through politically appointed bureaus. The problems were not solved, but only postponed. More and more people became dependent on this spending of government borrowed money, and the final result of this policy will be . . . socialism or Communism.

But the anti-New Dealers want to return to a "free" economy. They want to be turned loose. They don't want any controlled economy. They oppose every form of planned economy. I believe that a form of planned economy is inevitable, and therefore prefer that this be in the field of business instead of in the field of politics.

This may require some explanation. If we should take the Secretaries of Agriculture, Commerce, Labor and Interior out of the political Cabinet

of the President, and if we provided for the selection of these Secretaries by their own groups, beginning with the local communities, then the states, regions or industries and finally the nation as a whole, we would remove the partisan politics feature of the New Deal. Then if we should turn over to this Economic Board of four members the problems that the New Deal tried to solve, I believe that it would be able to work out a stabilization of our business life on a high level.

This would be a middle-of-the-road program. It could not go to the left and be controlled by labor as many of the New Deal policies. It could not go to the right and lead us to Wall Street control as the pre-New Deal led us. This Economic Board must provide fair prices for the farmers, fair profits to business, fair wages to labor and fair income to the rest of the workers. . . .

If we can prevent the next depression, we shall remove one of the causes of wars. Of course there must be a definite plan of peace for both Europe and Asia. So far, that is not in sight. A world divided against itself cannot stand an atomic war. If we should spend the money that is going to be spent on the Marshall Plan backing a definite Plan of Peace, we can avoid the next war.

PAUL V. BECK

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THE STATE OF IOWA

BY HENRY G. FELSEN

IN THE "Vox Pop" section of the New York *Daily News* there is a never-ending argument as to whether Brooklyn girls are prettier than those in the Bronx, and which borough produces boys who best know how to show a refined girl a good time. The interminable wrangle in the "Open Forum" Page of the Des Moines *Register & Tribune*, the newspaper all Iowa reads, is over what God thinks about transient questions of the day.

Two of the most heated controversies in recent months concerned the particular questions of (1) whether girls who went to Heaven wearing shorts would be admitted, and (2) the merits of modern art. When it came to shorts, there were many vigorous partisans pro and con, with some bold correspondents maintaining that when we reached Heaven we were naked, and anyway God was interested in our souls, not our costume. The discussion about modern art was a rather one-sided affair, with just about everyone in town and country agreeing that the day Picasso replaced Norman Rockwell as a calendar artist, the cal-

endars wouldn't be worth hanging in the kitchen.

Iowans argue about the Godly attitude because they want to go to Heaven when they die. They argue about modern art because they want to be cultured while they live. Judging from their letters, some of them appear to believe that Culture, like Heaven, can be reached through belief in a particular dogma, although they don't know anyone who has seen either and returned to tell the tale.

Strangely, there isn't much debate about agriculture, although the welfare of almost every person and activity in the state is largely determined by the condition of the farmer. Iowans seem to refrain from discussing the good times for agriculture as they might refrain from breathing on a house of cards, afraid the entire wonderful structure might tumble at their first disturbing word.

Iowa's name is supposed to mean "the beautiful land" in Indian, but to those Americans who have heard of the state, and do not confuse it with Ohio or Idaho, Iowa is synonymous

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with corn. Iowa advertises itself as the state where the tall corn grows, for although Iowa is first in the output of 24 agricultural products, corn is the most important item in the economic life of the state, and as corn goes, so goes the rest of its agriculture, industry and business.

Iowa is twenty-fourth in size among the states, with a population of some two and a half million persons. Inside its borders is one fourth of all the Grade 1 land in the country, and 97 per cent of it is under cultivation. The gross farm income is now running to about a billion and a half dollars a year, but what is surprising, even to most Iowans, is that the value of Iowa's manufactured products just about equals its farm income.

Each year, Iowa produces about six hundred million bushels of corn, but only 2 per cent of it is used for human food, and very little leaves Iowa as corn. Most of this great crop leaves the state in the form of bacon, ham, lard, poultry, beef and butter, and it is more and more finding new uses in industry in chemicals, explosives, building materials, soaps, paints, synthetic rubber and a long list of other manufactures.

The price of corn strongly affects the price of all other Iowa farm products — the 35 million chickens, 11 million hogs, 5 million head of cattle, 200 million pounds of butter and 4 million dozen eggs. Corn determines the prosperity and purchasing power of the farmer, the activity of half of Iowa's industrial plants, and the vol-

ume of business done by stores, business concerns, banks and insurance companies. Iowa is one state where the city people join the farmers' prayers for the right weather.

Present farm prices are to the farmer like a Mohammedan's dream of Heaven come true on earth. Yet, there is an obvious undercurrent of fear. Even the most prosperous farmers today remember what it was like a few years ago, when farm products couldn't be given away; when drought seared the state from border to border, cattle grew gaunt and starved, and good farmers on the richest farm land in the world lived on bread and lard and potatoes, and stood in relief lines to get oranges for their children.

Even while they are enjoying their present wave of prosperity, Iowa farmers are wondering how long it will last, and how soon they might get caught with inflationary debts to pay on farm land and machinery, and farm prices down to a new low.

II

Since Iowans are richer than ever before, everything sells. Having money and leisure, Iowans are grimly going after the "better things in life," and sometimes their quest resembles a stampede. Farmers come to town with loads of cattle and drive home in new Buicks and Cadillacs. When they have all the cars they want, they buy airplanes, and fly by the score to watch plowing contests. They go to football games, pack the theatres, subscribe to book clubs, buy expensive

furniture, serve cocktails before dinner, attend art shows, travel around the world, and, like Lord Amherst, when they are done they look around for more.

More is sometimes a serious interest in international affairs, best illustrated by the group of farmers who spent several thousand dollars each to tour Europe by air and study conditions at first hand. More is sometimes buying a five thousand dollar speedboat to drive noisily around a lake half a mile wide, or have special foods flown in from New York for a small picnic. More is sometimes new farmhouses, whose architecture might be termed New England Ranch House.

In this sincere and serious search for pleasure, comfort and culture, the arts flourish in Iowa as healthily as corn. The KRNT Radio Theatre, which holds five thousand people (it is the world's largest indoor theatre) is jammed at practically every performance held there, whether it be Marian Anderson, the Ballet Theatre or Wayne King. When Katherine Cornell established a world record for attendance at the indoor spoken drama, playing before 4200 people at one performance of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, 80 per cent of the audience was from outside Des Moines. Since then that attendance mark has been broken, with *Oklahoma* playing to a packed house every night for a week, and with the Lunts, Nelson Eddy, Spike Jones, Carmen Jones and the San Carlo Opera Company playing to full and

appreciative houses. Sally Rand, appearing at the State Fair, took in \$12,000 a day cavorting behind a balloon.

Sally Rand understood Iowa when she told a Des Moines man that Iowa and the middle west was the last place where people would still pay high prices to see a limited display of female skin. The coasts, she said, were bored with the sight of nude women. But as for Iowa, and the "Bible Belt," "the shekels will really roll in," was her advance prediction, and it came true to an extent that must have surprised her.

Everything is selling well in Iowa. Retail sales are at an all-time high. The demand, backed by cash, is running high for cars, trucks, farm equipment, big homes, furniture and home appliances. On Iowa's western border, in Council Bluffs, where long cattle trains roll in from the western states, retail stores report good business in \$300 shirts and fancy riding equipment worth thousands. Clerks are no longer astonished at the sight of unshaven, overalled men who carry as much as \$50,000 in their denim pockets as they come in for fur coats and saddles.

Business is booming, the touring players, singers and lecturers find large audiences and healthy receipts, tens of thousands turn out to watch plowing contests, sports events play to capacity crowds. Also the touring evangelists, who bring their hell-and-damnation, guitar-playing, cartoon-drawing, movie-showing, yodelling,

stomping, Satan's-gonna-git-you religion to all corners of the state. And though usually less demonstrative than citizens in some other parts of the country, Iowans who attend these performances shell out more to keep the Devil at bay, and yield to no one in their hopelessness for mankind.

The combination of new wealth and new desires in Iowa also makes it a happy hunting ground for swindlers who are still using tricks O. Henry wrote about, and with the same success as his gentle grafter. Iowans are taking their farm profits and losing them in such deals as silent partnerships in manufacturing machines to cure hangovers, giving money to gypsies to be blessed, playing cards with strangers in city hotels, and handing their wallets to strangers to hold during some spur-of-the-moment bet with another stranger. Racketeers in building, farm machinery, patriotism and religion are harvesting a bumper crop.

One reason advanced for the general level of prosperity over the state is that Iowa's industry is scattered. So far there are no huge industrial sections in the state. Each of the 99 counties has some industry, and much of the local surplus farm population finds local employment in industry. Just as the income from industry is almost equal to that of agriculture, so is Iowa's population divided almost in half between farm and urban dwellers, urban in this case meaning a few cities over 50,000 in population (Des Moines is the only

city over 100,000), and a great number of small towns under 10,000. It is in these small towns and cities that the factories are located, so dispersed that one can drive through what seems to be an ordinary small-country town without suspecting the existence of a large, modern factory in the background.

About 150,000 Iowans are working in the packing houses, tire factories, machine shops, implement manufacturing, mining, food processing and other industries. The unions are well-organized, and their relations with the farm population are not too bad. As against the farmers' traditional antagonism to unions we can set the fact that most Iowa union men are ex-farm boys, with close ties to the farm population. Many of them have the same ambition as so many business and professional men in Iowa — to save enough to buy a farm. Iowa's most famous union man is John L. Lewis, who began working in the coal mines in southern Iowa when a boy. His first employer was my wife's grandfather, who remembered John as a good boy who worked hard and didn't hang around the pool hall.

III

A few attempts have been made in recent years to establish a Farmer-Labor party in Iowa, but it never attracted more than a scattering of votes. Back in 1870 the Knights of Labor teamed up with the Grange on an Anti-Monopoly ticket, and whipped the railroads, but since then

there has been no specific teaming of farm and labor against eastern or any other capital.

Iowa is Republican, and except for a few defections, always has been since it became a state in 1846. Its congressmen in Washington vote pro-farm and anti-labor, oppose the administration because it is Democratic, and say a great deal about cutting national taxes, which pleases the voters. Meanwhile, at home, the Republican administration takes a different line: it lowered the state income tax this year only with reluctance and it may raise excise taxes.

Iowa presents the almost comic picture of a state with some \$60 million of surplus funds in the treasury, and an administration worrying frantically about how to increase it, and madly looking for new taxes against the possibility that they might have to spend some of these surplus funds. The difficulty in levying new taxes is that Iowa already has about every tax that has been invented, with nice fat rates in every case.

There isn't a state agency or service that doesn't need expansion and more funds. From a state standpoint, the medical, educational and social service programs and institutions are much worse than they ought to be. Yet, with the surplus, and with the prospects for greater tax yields than ever before, the meetings of the legislature sound like an international convention of misers. Iowa highways are a good example of the pinchpenny thinking that dominates the legisla-

tors. While Iowa boasts of how many miles of paved roads it has, Iowa highways are narrower than those of the surrounding states, so narrow that it is an adventure to pass a truck, and when two trucks pass, their outside wheels are off the road. The money saved by cutting the width of the highways, whose straightness invites speed, is shown daily in the toll of dead and injured.

Iowa is particularly proud of its interest in music, the arts, its literacy, and its racial and religious tolerance. Walter Damrosch said Iowans must love music, because he received more letters from them than from any other state. Iowans do love music. They bring in the symphony organizations they cannot afford to support, attend the concerts given at schools and spend money to have the best bands. Each year the University of Iowa plays host at a Music Festival, where some 5000 high school organizations and soloists compete for musical honors. Fine talent spotted at the Festival is often helped by scholarships for further study. A similar Drama Festival brings together thousands of high school and community groups whose acting and productions are judged and awards given.

In the larger Iowa cities, the Civic Music Associations have developed a program of collecting membership funds in advance, then hiring the best artists they can afford, striving for a varied year of symphonic or smaller organizations, plus outstanding instrumentalists and soloists. The fact

that Iowans think nothing of driving several hundred miles to see an event that interests them, puts these concerts and recitals within reach of almost anyone who cares to attend.

In the battle going on between the modern artists and the academicians, the academicians have the troops while the moderns control the fortresses. Popular opinion in Iowa is still strongly traditional, but at the University of Iowa, whose graduate school of art is the largest in the country, the moderns are firmly established. A tussle is shaping up in Des Moines over control of the new Art Center, a structure of steel and stone that is supposed to be the most modern museum in the United States. The director, Paul Parker, who is also an accomplished musician and a former football star, is a champion of the moderns. The purse strings are controlled by a group of men who generally consider that the art that was good enough for grandpa is good enough for them.

However the struggle for control ends, both sides seem to agree that whispering and typical museum pussyfooting about art should be discouraged, and every attempt made to bring in everyone who can be interested either as a spectator or participant in classes. The Center works closely with the schools. It already has guest studios where famous visiting artists can work, a small theatre, and meeting rooms, which can be rented for a token fee. There is some bitterness over this last item, since

the local poetry society got the idea that they were going to have a special room 75 feet long all to themselves, where they could hang solemn portraits of every major American poet since Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The late Grant Wood did a great deal to make Iowa art-conscious, and no matter how opposing factions fight, art itself has been accepted by the public as a Fine Thing.

IV

Iowa is proud of its racial and religious relations. There are, in the state, all races, creeds, nationalities and religions, and open friction has been kept to a surprising minimum. Unfortunately, this has not been so much the result of real tolerance, as it has been lack of pressure and competition.

Iowans like to think of themselves as the big, bluff, friendly farmer of "Ding" Darling's cartoons. They like to think of their state as a rolling, rich, productive area, where everyone is prosperous, literate and friendly. For most of Iowa's history, this picture has not been too untrue. With room enough for everyone, with no really big cities, scattered industries, and a population that is 99.3 per cent white, and 94.7 per cent native-white-born, Iowa has been able to avoid ugly conflict and open hate.

But even now Iowa is undergoing a gradual "change of life." Its cities are outgrowing their big-country-town character, mass industries are moving in, and the character of the

population is changing. Unless Iowa understands the change and prepares for it, it will go through the same racial and religious conflicts that have plagued more crowded and industrial areas. The years during which Iowa can afford to be lazily tolerant are numbered. The seeds of prejudice and hatred are present in Iowa, though now they are generally hidden. The average Iowan is a strong believer in free speech and the right of others to live their own lives, but these may be the last days when the beating of a Jew calls forth editorial denunciations from almost every newspaper, and college presidents all over the state publicly condemn the act — though some of their institutions practice a refined, unofficial racial discrimination.

Iowa, happily, is still the state where Mexican and Japanese girls are elected Homecoming Queens in high schools and colleges. Recently, in a little town called Pacific Junction, six men, including the local basketball coach and two veterans, were arrested because they thought the Mayor was wrongfully bullying a transient Negro, and protested. The high school coach, Russell Coppock, is a descendant of the Coppock brothers — the Iowans who were with John Brown at Harper's Ferry. The great majority of Iowa public opinion applauded Coppock and his fellows for standing up for the human dignity of the transient.

The feeling that everyone has a right to express his own opinion and live his own life has attracted minori-

ties and cults of all kinds to Iowa, and has made the state a fertile ground for experiment of every kind. Early in its history, the religio-communist societies settled on the rich land, and of them, the Amana Colony remains, still religious, no longer communist. Des Moines experimented in sport, and the first night baseball game in professional history was played there. It experimented in education, under John W. Studebaker, and established the Des Moines Public Forum as part of the educational system, and operated it with school funds. Henry Wallace experimented in agriculture and developed hybrid corn.

The condition which allows anyone to go his own way has been described as everything from apathy to anarchy. It has resulted in a tradition in Iowa, largely true until now, that it was "un-Iowan" to interfere with, censor, or otherwise stifle anyone, no matter how unpopular his ideas might be. One of the results of this has been the establishment of Iowa as a host to crackpotism, preparing its citizens for the big-time tomfoolery they encounter when they retire, sell their farms and move to Southern California. About the only recent case of violence concerning conflicting ideas happened on the streets of Des Moines. A man was walking down the street wearing a bow tie that flashed on and off electrically. A passing motorist stopped, beckoned the tie-wearer to him, punched him in the eye and drove off.

Iowans have always been tradi-

tionally isolationist, but there is a great struggle now going on to achieve the internationalist point of view, although they aren't too sure just what they're supposed to see. They'd like to help Europe, and a volunteer committee has been established to find out how many DPs could be absorbed by Iowa. Iowans give generously, but they want farm prices kept up. They'd like to see one big happy united world, but it irritates them to see anyone argue with the United States. They believe both in trying to understand the other fellow, and in the idea of the "preventive" use of the atomic bomb.

Iowans are proud of other Iowans who become famous, even though Iowa reserved its widest yawns for these same people before they became geniuses some place else. Whenever Joe Hatten pitches for Brooklyn, it is dutifully recorded that he is from Bancroft, Iowa (he moved to California at the age of four). If someone happened to be born on the Rock Island Rocket while crossing the state at 80 miles an hour, and later became famous, the *Des Moines Register* would never mention his name without also mentioning that he was born in Iowa. Any noted person who spends more than a night in a tourist cabin in the state is apt to find himself written about as "a former resident of Iowa."

For this reason, Henry Wallace will never be forsaken by Iowa, even if he has moved to New York. The Wallaces are an Iowa family, their name is linked with the history of Iowa agri-

culture, and Henry will always be regarded as a kind of problem child that Iowa criticizes severely, yet hates to see others attack. Harry Hopkins is another the state is careless about now, but will loudly claim after time has done its hallowing work.

Iowa today is rich and it is smug. It is also tolerant, and it is a rare Iowan who does not deeply love the productive land around him. Iowans are happy because times are good, and sad because people abroad are hungry. Iowa knows it owes its prosperity to unusual and troubled times. It fears the future and tries hard to believe that everything is going to turn out all right:

Iowa is being touched by problems that are far removed from the waving fields of grain and the herds of cattle, and these problems appear like little black clouds in the sky that announce a tornado.

Iowans today are torn between wanting to be the kind of quiet, simple, good people portrayed by Phil Stong in his book, *State Fair*, and yearning to be cultured, informed, internationalist and sophisticated. They want the peace and security an isolated, easy-going, rich farm life has to offer, but they have seen too much of the world to turn their backs. The problems of world living seem new, and terrible. Like Adam and Eve, Iowans have suddenly realized that they are naked, and they are ashamed.

They are also confused, because they have not yet eaten the apple.

THE PRESS AND THE PULITZER PRIZES

BY CARROLL BINDER

FRANK KENT scored the vanity and ingratitude of a younger colleague on the Baltimore *Sun* before a group of Washington correspondents recently. "I got that fellow a Pulitzer prize and he never even thanked me for it," Kent observed. "I suppose he thinks he won that prize all by himself!"

A good many people share the unappreciative *Sun* writer's misconception of the way in which the most talked-of honors in the newspaper business frequently are bestowed. These unsophisticated folks apparently assume that a group of selfless St. Peters keeps unceasing watch on all the nation's newspapers throughout the year and then, on the first Monday in May, sends laurel wreaths plus \$500 checks drawn on Columbia University to those journalists who have distinguished themselves during the preceding twelve months.

If Pulitzer prizes invariably were thus disinterestedly distributed, expressions of thanks to board members would be as inappropriate as they would be to an insurance company for paying the proceeds of a life in-

surance policy to the deceased's beneficiaries.

Some Pulitzer prizes actually fall into that category. A newspaper performs such a meritorious public service, a reporter writes such a remarkable story, or a photographer takes such an outstanding picture that everyone agrees it is the most noteworthy achievement in that field that year. Such was the case with amateur photographer Arnold Hardy's snapshot of the woman plummeting to her death in the disastrous Winecoff Hotel fire in Atlanta, Georgia in 1947. Not a newspaperman in the country challenged the board's decision that Edward T. Folliard's exposé of the fascist Columbians Inc. in the Washington *Post* earned the 1947 prize for telegraphic reporting. Everybody approved of the Pulitzer award to Ernie Pyle for his unforgettable stories from many war fronts. The 1929 award to Paul Y. Anderson for his stories about the Teapot Dome scandals in the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*; the 1925 award to two young reporters on the Chicago *Daily News* for their solution of the baffling Franks murder case; and

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the 1933 award to an Associated Press reporter who had covered the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby with great distinction were prizes universally conceded to have been well bestowed.

Such clear-cut examples of alertness, enterprise, courage, human interest or public service do not turn up every year, however. In the absence of such material the advisory board of the Graduate School of Journalism of Columbia University, which awards prizes for distinguished work in journalism as provided for in the will of the first Joseph Pulitzer, must choose between performances which are held in varying degrees of esteem by other newspapermen.

Sometimes the advisory board omits awards because it finds no entry sufficiently meritorious. But the board has seven to nine journalistic awards of \$500 each and a lot of kudos at its disposition each year. It usually elects to distribute its largesse for better or worse. A good many critics of the board think it errs too frequently on the side of the worse.

II

Ever since the board began giving prizes to what it considered the best novel, the best play, the best history, etc., its evaluations have been similarly criticized. But in the field of letters the thirteen gentlemen making the Pulitzer awards can at least claim professional disinterestedness. There are no professional novelists, dramatists or producers among the twelve

newspapermen and one university president comprising the advisory board. Their likes and dislikes may seem prejudiced to those with different tastes, but no one can accuse them of having vested interests in honoring one play or novel rather than another. No board member is a publisher of novels or a producer of Broadway plays.

However, eight men on the board which awards prizes in journalism are publishers of newspapers. One board member runs a great press association. The other three newspaper members of the board are in top editorial positions on important newspapers. Every one of these twelve men thus is personally connected with an enterprise competing for all it is worth with other enterprises in one of the most competitive businesses in the United States.

Can these twelve newspapermen completely detach themselves from the competitive interests of the newspaper or press association which provides their living when they go to Morningside Heights to award Pulitzer prizes? Some board members apparently do attain such commendable above-the-battle detachment. For year after year they have joined in making awards to papers other than those which they edit and publish, although work of merit appears in their papers as well as in the papers honored with Pulitzer prizes. Whenever anyone accuses the board of log-rolling, he ought, in fairness to these unpushing and unpulling strivers

after journalistic accomplishment, to exempt them from his criticisms.

But other board members find an exceptionally large number of prize winners among the men working for their organizations, and apparently have a hard time recognizing meritorious work among the men working for their competitors. It is the frequency of Pulitzer awards to organizations represented on the board that gives rise to the charges of logrolling. Last year the board scored an all-time high in awards within the family. Seven of the nine prizes in journalism awarded in 1947 went to organizations represented on the board.

The prize for meritorious service in journalism went to the Baltimore *Sun*, represented on the board by Frank Kent. The prize for the best cartoon of the year went to board member John S. Knight's Vaughn Shoemaker of the Chicago *Daily News*. The prize for reporting went to board member Harold S. Pollard's colleague Frederick Woltman of the New York *World-Telegram*. The prize for international telegraphic reporting went to board member Kent Cooper's Eddy Gilmore, Moscow correspondent of the Associated Press. The prize for correspondence went to board member Arthur Krock's colleague on the New York *Times*, Brooks Atkinson. And in commemoration of the centenary of Joseph Pulitzer, founder of the prizes, the board awarded a citation to board member Joseph Pulitzer, Jr.'s St. Louis *Post Dispatch*.

Since Kent Cooper's Associated

Press distributed the prize-winning Winecoff fire photograph, there remained only two prizes to be allocated in 1947 to the several thousand newspapers not represented on the board.

III

While some of the prizes which went to newspapers represented on the board could be justified before any disinterested tribunal of newspapermen, the suspicion that "pull" influenced many 1947 awards was freely voiced in the offices of newspapers overlooked in the awards.

No such suspicion attaches to the award to the Washington *Post* or to the prize for the best editorial given to the *Wall Street Journal*, for neither newspaper is represented on the board.

Since there is an apparent correlation between representation on the board and attainment of Pulitzer prizes in journalism by certain organizations, there is naturally some curiosity concerning the composition of the board. How are the twelve newspapermen who give the prizes selected out of the many thousand newspaper editors and executives in the United States?

When Columbia University in 1917 finally got ready to distribute the prizes founded years before by Joseph Pulitzer, President Nicholas Murray Butler selected twelve prominent newspapermen to serve with him on the Pulitzer advisory board. As vacancies have occurred since then the

board has filled them. The board, in other words, is a self-perpetuating body some of whose members have served for many years. Men operating small newspapers and men living in various parts of the country have served along with newspapermen from the Atlantic Seaboard.

The board has been graced by such respected editors as William Allen White of Emporia, Rollo Ogden of the *New York Times*, Dean Walter Williams of Missouri, and Julian Harris of Atlanta and Chattanooga. Today it is made up of Sevellon Brown, *Providence Journal*; Robert Choate, *Boston Herald*; Gardner Cowles, *Des Moines Register & Tribune*; Palmer Hoyt, *Denver Post*; William R. Mathews, *Arizona Daily Star*; and Stuart Perry, *Adrian (Michigan) Telegram*, as well as members listed above in connection with 1947 prizes. When Dwight Eisenhower assumes the presidency of Columbia, he automatically will become a member of the board — and will share the praise and blame showered on board members when their decisions are announced each year.

Since members of the advisory board cannot read, to say nothing of honor, all the meritorious work done on the 2000 daily and the 10,000 weekly papers published in the United States, it is understandable that they should sometimes find it easier to honor work which has appeared under their direction.

Critics of the board accuse it of being unable to appreciate some ex-

ceptionally good work done on papers or for news services in competition with the organizations represented on the board. The critics go on to accuse the board of honoring mediocre work just because it is done for an organization represented on the board.

Most mentioned in this connection is Kent Cooper, executive director of the Associated Press, who has been a member of the advisory board for eighteen years. While not all of the eleven Pulitzer prizes boasted by the Associated Press were awarded during Cooper's service as a prize bestower, some of the most criticized awards to the Associated Press are associated with Cooper's presence on the board. The presence of Cooper on the board is also associated in some minds with the striking fact that no prize has ever gone to the United Press, which is the Associated Press' stiffest competitor.

Taken as a whole, the Associated Press is the greatest newsgathering organization in the world. It has such enormous resources and such powerful connections that no competitor can match it in over-all performance. But the Associated Press' competitors sometimes surpass its covering of some particular situation or in reporting some particular story. The United Press has had some first-class newspapermen on its staff. It would be hard to find a jury of disinterested experts who would concede that the Associated Press has been eleven times as worthy of Pulitzer prizes as the United Press.

It is doubtful that the Associated Press had any contemporary on its staff who could match the late Webb Miller of the United Press in resourcefulness in getting and quickly transmitting a major story, or in sheer writing ability. Miller never got a Pulitzer prize for his beats or for his enterprising coverage of topflight stories in the twenties and thirties.

Raymond Clapper, as good a reporter as ever worked for a press association, never got a Pulitzer prize during his many years with the UP. It is less invidious to speak well of the work of the dead than of the living, but I believe a number of other newspapermen who are as completely devoid of UP ties as I am would agree that Edward W. Beattie, Henry Mc-Lemore, Lyle Wilson and others who have worked for the UP have turned in as distinguished work as a number of the AP men who received Pulitzer prizes during Cooper's service on the prize-awarding committee.

The UP is so convinced that it cannot get a prize while Cooper is a member of the advisory board that it refuses to submit examples of the work of its correspondents for consideration for Pulitzer prizes.

IV

The New York *Times* has been represented on the board from its inception and has always fared well in the Pulitzer awards, as such a great newspaper should. Since Arthur Krock, holder of two Pulitzer awards, went on the board in 1940, the *Times* has

got at least one award a year. One year it got two awards. In all, the *Times* has received twenty awards.

If there were a Pulitzer prize for the greatest newspaper in the United States, the *Times* would get the prize every year. No other newspaper in the land matches it in recording and interpreting the news. But while the *Times* has many first-class newspapermen on its staff, it by no means has all the nation's first-class newspapermen. Other well-staffed newspapers not infrequently excel the *Times* in covering a particular story. Their distinguished work does not always appear to command the same sympathetic attention from the board that whatever appears in the *Times* seems to command. Most fellow-craftsmen approved the Pulitzer awards which went to James B. Reston for his beginning-to-end coverage of the steps leading to the organization of the United Nations, and to William L. Laurence for his masterly reporting of major scientific developments. Louis Stark is the recognized dean of American reporters of labor news. Hanson Baldwin is tops as a military reporter.

But few men who covered Europe during the 1930s for the *Times* or any other paper were of the opinion that Frederick T. Birchall of the *Times*, who got a prize in 1934, filed the most distinguished or the most discerning foreign correspondence that year. The former assistant managing editor of the *Times* must have had a good champion on the board.

In 1938 the advisory board had no

more distinguished examples of correspondence before it than a series of dispatches by A. T. Steele describing the siege and rape of Nanking by the armies of Japan. Steele, then covering the far east for the *Chicago Daily News*, but previously a foreign correspondent for the *New York Times* and now on the staff of the *New York Herald Tribune*, was one of the few American reporters to personally witness how savagely the Japanese waged war several years before Pearl Harbor. What made Steele's dispatches particularly prizeworthy was the fact that he got them to the outside world several days ahead of any of the other eyewitness accounts of the occupation of Nanking. In addition to giving the best-written account, Steele scored a notable beat on his competitors by arranging for a gunboat down the river to radio his stories to Manila, whence they were quickly transmitted to Chicago.

Since the whole world was interested in what was taking place at Nanking at that time, Steele's beat was relayed from Chicago to all parts of the world. The London correspondent of the *New York Times* was so impressed with it when it was published in a London paper that he sent it back to the *Times*, which published it in the absence of a firsthand report from its own correspondent in the Chinese theater.

Steele did not get a Pulitzer prize, however. The board gave the prize for correspondence that year to Arthur Krock for an interview with

President Roosevelt, published in the *New York Times*.

In his book *Such Interesting People*, Robert J. Casey recounts the extraordinary exploits of another man then a colleague of Steele's, William H. Stoneman, long-time *Chicago Daily News* correspondent in Italy, Russia and London, and a brilliant reporter of the Ethiopian campaign and World War II. Quentin Reynolds and other contemporaries of Stoneman, who is now adviser to Trygve Lie of the United Nations, have paid glowing tributes to Stoneman's distinguished attainments as a correspondent. But Stoneman has never received a Pulitzer prize. Neither did Raymond Swing and Dorothy Thompson, during their long and noteworthy careers as foreign correspondents for the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* and the *New York Post*.

While the outstanding work of these and other able newspapermen and women went unrecognized by a succession of advisory boards, some curious awards were made.

v

The board once gave a prize to a reporter who, because of his exceptionally small stature, managed to get into a Kentucky cave and interview a man named Floyd Collins who was trapped there. Another year the prize was awarded to a group of *Detroit Free Press* reporters for their coverage of an American Legion parade. An editorial attacking the respected liberal, Senator George Norris, which

was published in a small Nebraska paper got a prize in 1931 — and the prize got a lot of criticism. Three years later the board singled out for honor the editor of a small cornbelt paper, the *Atlantic* (Iowa) *News Telegraph*. The editor was honored for an anti-New Deal editorial in which he asked the not very searching question: What have they done with our money? The editor solved the mystery in the same editorial by revealing that those fellows in Washington had spent our money. The limelight suddenly centered on the *Atlantic* editor by the Pulitzer judges brought him a job with an anti-New Deal chain of papers, but he made no more ripples in the sea of journalism.

Such awards have given the board a reputation for political illiberalism which is offset by other awards. In 1927 the board honored the *Boston Herald* for a courageous editorial on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. It has honored other editors who fought bigotry and racial discrimination in parts of the country where it was not easy to take such a stand. It has honored editors who fought local political corruption.

While it has given prizes to oratorical stem-winders such as Carlos P. Romulo, Gen. MacArthur's Filipino aide, it also has given many prizes to newspapermen who richly deserved them, in addition to those cited at the beginning of this article. The first award in foreign correspondence, which went to Paul Scott Mowrer in 1929, capped seventeen years of dis-

tinguished service in Europe for the Chicago *Daily News*. Mowrer's scholarly dispatches and books contributed greatly to the formation of American opinion during a critical period in the nation's history.

Edgar Ansel Mowrer, brother of Paul, and then a veteran of nineteen years' newspaper work in Europe was given a prize in 1933 for a brilliant series which portrayed for the first time the origin and nature of the Nazi challenge to the world's peace and decency.

Leftist criticism to the contrary, Westbrook Pegler, another prize-winner, performed a public service when he showed up the outrageous misconduct of George Scalise and Willie Bioff, labor union racketeers.

George Weller's story of the emergency appendectomy performed by a pharmacist's mate in a submarine deep in enemy infested Pacific waters and his dispatches from many war fronts were rewarded with a Pulitzer prize in 1943.

For a time the prizes for cartoons seemed to rotate between four or five favorites whom Professor Walter Pitkin, then an influential figure in Pulitzer awards, regarded as the only good cartoonists in the country. But nobody would deny that Rollin Kirby, Jay Darling, D. R. Fitzpatrick, Nelson Harding and Edmund Duffy were the best of cartoonists. In recent years the board has honored some gifted younger cartoonists along with the old masters.

When the Pulitzer family was pub-

lishing the New York *World* as well as the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, there used to be criticism by opposition papers that Pulitzer prizes went too frequently to Pulitzer publications. The *World* won eight prizes between 1917 and 1931, when it was sold, and the *Post Dispatch* has won nine prizes in 30 years. Inasmuch as the Pulitzers publish first-class newspapers and have first-class reporters, cartoonists and editors on their staffs, most of the awards to Pulitzer papers can plausibly be justified on grounds of superior performance.

The *Sun* papers in Baltimore also have some very able writers and cartoonists on their staff and thus provide vice-president Frank Kent, who has been on the Pulitzer advisory board since 1932, with good material for promoting Pulitzer awards to *Sun* men.

All Kent did for his unappreciative colleague was to see that his good work was brought effectively to the attention of the other members of the board. Kent is too scrupulous a craftsman to seek a prize for work which he does not hold in high esteem.

VI

Living in widely separated parts of the country, the board members get together during the April meetings of the American Newspaper Publishers Association in New York to agree on the awards. The ANPA meetings are crowded with business and social activities at which the prospective price of newsprint, the competition of

radio for the advertising dollar and other routine publisher's problems tend to take up a good deal of time. It is not easy for the publisher members of the board to find adequate time in which to determine the relative merits of the *Herald Tribune's* and the *Times's* reports on Argentine fascism or the What Cheer *Informers's* crusade against the corn borer and the Dog Patch *Bazoo's* crusade against turnip termites.

Perhaps these circumstances help to explain occasional contradictory actions of the board such as the 1947 prize to Brooks Atkinson for revealing in the New York *Times* what could not be told under Soviet censorship and the prize the same year to Eddy Gilmore of the Associated Press for dispatches filed through the Russian censorship.

Gilmore is notorious for his sins of omission in his reports from Russia. Having a Russian wife whose relatives would be persecuted by the Russian dictatorship if he published anything the Kremlin did not wish published abroad, Gilmore cannot be blamed for pulling his punches in his dispatches. Besides, the Associated Press is probably more interested in maintaining representation in Russia than in telling the story of what really goes on, as Atkinson did in his noteworthy series and as Atkinson's successor, Drew Middleton, managed to do to a surprising degree while he filed to the New York *Times* from Moscow.

But why give a Pulitzer prize for the kind of reporting Gilmore does

from Russia? Why give a prize to a man who once excused the Soviet censor as "a necessary adjunct to a foreign correspondent to correct errors of fact in his copy"?

To some it looked as though the board made such inconsistent awards in order to play safe. To others it seemed to be merely a case of Cooper looking out for his own and Krock looking out for his own without regard for any contradictions.

Since the busy board members cannot carefully examine all of the 500 or more entries for prizes, some of them extremely long, they have enlisted various aids in screening the entries. They have tried professors of journalism and informal juries of editors. Last year the board experimented with a new procedure. It invited the American Society of Newspaper Editors, which is comprised of the managing editors and editors of editorial pages of the principal daily newspapers, to name sixteen members competent in the various fields of journalism to serve as eight juries making recommendations to the board for the various prizes in journalism.

The society took the invitation seriously and its nominees spent two days early in March evaluating all of the material submitted by hopeful candidates for prizes. At the advisory board's suggestion the jurors told why they thought prizes should go to the work they rated most meritorious, but submitted second, third, fourth and fifth recommendations for recog-

nition, so that the busy members of the advisory board could readily compare estimates.

A symposium appearing in the July and August issues of the *Bulletin* of the Society reveals considerable dissatisfaction among members of the society with the treatment accorded the juries' recommendations by the advisory board. According to the symposium, the advisory board concurred in the recommendations of only three of the eight juries for first places in the competitions. The advisory board rejected the first choices of four of the juries. One of the awards, according to the *Bulletin*, went to a candidate whose work the screening jury did not consider sufficiently meritorious to include among the five selections it was asked to make.

Support for the thesis that the board indulges in a good deal of log-rolling among the newspaper organizations represented by its members can be found in the fact that only two of the six prizes awarded to organizations represented on the board were the first recommendation of an ASNE jury. The society's unhappy experience with the awards last year prompted some ASNE members to recommend that the society have nothing further to do with the judging of entries. By taking part in the evaluations the society seems to be identified with awards in the making of which its representatives actually have no voice and may take no pride. A majority of members participating in the sym-

posium, however, favored continued collaboration in the evaluations in the hope that thereby the board may be brought around to a more disinterested and comprehensive selection of prize-winners. ASNE members accordingly served as jurors for 1948 awards despite the scant attention paid recommendations of the 1947 juries.

Whatever the ASNE board decides, Pulitzer prizes will continue to be awarded and awards will continue to be eagerly sought — and sharply criticized.

A comparison of awards made during the past 30 years with good non-prize-winning work done on the nation's newspapers during that period ought to convince anyone that possession of a Pulitzer prize does not guarantee that the holder is among

the best men working in his particular branch of journalism. Nor is the lack of a Pulitzer prize evidence that a veteran newspaperman is not among the most capable or fearless.

The prize-winner may have had a friend on the Pulitzer advisory board able and willing to swing the decision in his favor regardless of the superior quality of other work done that year. The non-prize-winner may not have had anybody on the board particularly interested in seeing that he got a prize the year he did his best work.

But many Pulitzer prize winners are as good newspapermen as can be found in the business.

Thus while a Pulitzer prize is not yet a reliable hallmark of quality, it is often possessed by newspapermen of quality.

PHRASE ORIGINS—26

FLASH IN THE PAN: These words refer to a promise of future greatness that is not fulfilled, to a good showing made once but not repeated, like the efforts of baseball rookies who bloom in the spring. The expression comes to us from the old flintlock. This gun had a hammer containing a flint. Some priming powder was placed in a pan, and when the flint struck this powder the latter was ignited and communicated the charge. Sometimes, however, the priming powder "flashed in the pan" without discharging the piece; the expected blow-up did not come off.

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



That Adam and Eve ate an apple

Nowhere does the Good Book identify "that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world, and all our woe" with the common Rosaceous tree, *Pyrus Malus*, which we today call the apple tree. The identification in the popular mind, which is very old, may derive from the fact that "apple" was formerly used with great latitude to designate almost any kind of fruit. Topsell, in his *Four-footed Beastes* (1673) refers to "the fruit or apples of palm-trees." Even today we have pineapples and oak-apples and custard apples. The apples with which Solomon longed to be "comforted" when he was "sick of love" have long puzzled the curious, both as to nature and intended use. Milton, by the way, calls the forbidden fruit an apple.

In the popular mind the fruit is definitely that of the common apple tree and vague amorousness is sometimes vaguely associated with it. In

a song popular during the war an overseas veteran besought his beloved not to sit under the apple tree with anyone else but him. And Mr. Walter Trudgeon, of Bodmin in Cornwall, recently sought a divorce on the grounds that his wife had offered a young man an apple. His suit, however, was denied on the grounds that despite Eve's precedent such an offer did not clearly constitute evidence of unlawful solicitation.

That early shaving brings on a beard

Thomas Hardy says of Festus Derri-man, in *The Trumpet Major*, that "symptoms of beard and whiskers had appeared upon him at a very early age owing to his persistent use of the razor before there was a necessity for its operation." Hardy's illusion is shared by many fathers who sternly forbid their sons to shave too early and compel them to go about in callow straggleness — and by many sons who secretly scrape their chins (and even their chests) in the hopes

of speedily producing evidences of virility. In more recent days girls have been warned not to shave their legs "as it will only make the hair grow more" and some obey the warning, to the intense dissatisfaction of ogling males.

The belief has this much foundation, that as the bristly stubs of the shaved-off hairs return their possessor will be more aware of them. It will *seem* like more hair.

That verdicts are reversed on appeal on typographical errors, misspellings and the like

There is a popular notion, "a strange and persistent error," Max Radin calls it, that if the appellate court finds a typographical error or a misspelled word it will reverse the verdict in a criminal case. Actually—and again contrary to the popular belief—appellate courts rarely reverse verdicts in criminal cases and never on any such trivial grounds. "Something like that occasionally occurred a century ago," Radin adds, "but in most cases even then such an error was only a pretext for doing what the court wished to do."

Serious grounds, of course, may seem trivial to the untrained or prejudiced mind, but that's another thing.

They're coming through the floor

Undeterred by the disastrous exposure of the Gazelle Boy of Transjordan, the wolf children of India keep

on coming. Two new ones have been reported, one in Fyazabad and one in Cawnpore. The usual recognition signs were present: they loped on all fours and ate their food ravenously. The validity of the Fyazabad child is put beyond question by the fact that he was immediately attracted to an English lady who had "a way" with wild animals. The Cawnpore boy was kept in a cage and his being a wolf boy was vouched for by his master to the local magistrate.

Among the general rejoicings at the departure of the hated sahibs there must be strains of regret. Who will there be to believe such stories now?

American savants do not lag behind Hindu showmen and magistrates in spreading the glad tidings. Professor T. L. Engle of Indiana University, in the 1945 edition of his high school Textbook, *Psychology — Principles and Applications*, devotes two pages to the wolf girls of Midnapore—and not under the heading of "Credulity" either. Mr. Victor Harper, Executive Director of the Peoria Mental Hygiene Society, sees the girls' history as a dramatic illustration of "the effect of group contacts upon individuals" and "the difficulty of replacing an established habit system with another." Professor Philo M. Buck, of the University of Wisconsin, writing in no less august a journal than the *Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors* remembers as a small boy in India to have seen a wolf boy: "He scorned clothes, and no house was tight enough to confine

him. His voice was an inarticulate imitation of wolfish sounds. He was, except in shape, a wolf." "It is a terrifying thought," Professor Buck adds, "how easily and quickly the human returns to the brute." Mr. Philip Eisenberg in his book on psychology entitled *Why We Act as We Do* uses the story to prove "some very important conclusions about the dependence of human beings upon society." One of them is that society makes possible collections of works of reference by means of which we can check such stories, but Mr. Eisenberg was too restricted for space to be able to include that one. Professor Ogburn, of the University of Chicago, in his *Sociology* 336, "The Theory of Culture" (Summer, 1946) asserted that the Midnapore adoption was a fact of the first magnitude. When advised by one of his students that an article in the *Atlantic* questioned the veracity of the story he pointed out that the article in question was by a professor of English and therefore unscientific. He advised his students not to read it lest it unsettle their faith.

That human nature is unchangeable

Charles Dickens, the great humanitarian writer, arranged a special party to witness the hanging of Mr. and Mrs. Manning at Horsemonger Gaol, November 13, 1849. In order to have a good look at the last convulsive twitchings he rented space in a house whose rooms had a fine view of the

scaffold. "We have taken," he wrote enthusiastically to Leech, "the whole of the roof (and the back kitchen) for the extremely moderate sum of ten guineas or two guineas each."

Invitations to any such jollification today would certainly be declined by all people of Dickens' social level and the inviter would probably be regarded as more of a monster than a dear, considerate fellow. Those who argue that "human nature never changes" will insist that our squeamishness is merely a vogue, that people could easily be "educated up" to the enjoyment of such spectacles again. But are they not merely saying that "human nature" *can* be changed, and re-changed?

That white eggs are better than brown eggs

Housewives seem to have strong convictions concerning eggshells. At the moment nothing will sell but white eggs, and white eggs only, by selection, diet or breeding, are produced for the city markets. Perhaps the customers associate white with cleanliness, but if they do they fall into a double error, for there is no necessary connection and any egg is the better for not having been washed. As an egg emerges from the hen it is covered with a film of mucous which usually picks up some dirt before it dries. In washing off the dirt the protective film is also washed off, making the egg that much more likely to spoil.

There have been times and places

where brown eggs were as much in demand as white eggs now are. It was felt that they were "richer" than white eggs.

That fine teeth are due to toothpaste

An instructor in a midwestern university has for many years now started off his classes by asking the members to write an essay in which they explore their sensual boundaries by listing the things they like to feel, see, hear, taste and smell.

High on the list of gustatory pleasures every year is toothpaste. They love it. The morning mouthful of foaming, slippery sweetness is, obviously, one of our supreme national delights, the more delightful in that it appeals to the morals as well as the mouth, being "hygienic," "good for you" and "necessary for sound teeth."

Many tests have shown that toothpaste won't do anything that a little salt or soda won't do and that the foam and sweetness and various aromas and tastes and tingles are mere pursuits of happiness. Some of the most widely-used dentifrices actually stain the teeth and the manufacturers cheerfully advise the purchaser on the bottle to use soda once a week or so to remove the stain!

The catch is that people who use toothpaste probably do have better teeth than those who do not and hence are confirmed in their faith in advertising. But the toothpaste may not be the cause of the better teeth.

As J. B. S. Haldane has pointed out in one of his essays, those who can afford toothpaste can probably afford better food, too, and it is known that nutrition plays a large part in the condition of the teeth. Then, too, those who use toothpaste are obviously interested in the care or appearance of their teeth and this interest will most likely take them to the dentist who, if he is a good dentist, will no doubt warn them against brushing their teeth too much.

That couples may be divorced for "incompatibility of temperament"

Though, to be sure, the reasons alleged for many divorces are only window, or courtroom, dressings for incompatibility of temperament, only sunny New Mexico actually recognizes this as grounds.

That an "I am no longer responsible" ad in the paper relieves a man of any further responsibility for his wife's debts

Hopeful husbands who attempt to pull themselves out of insolvency by their own bootstraps in this manner have to pay for the ad *and* their wives' shopping tours. A husband is generally held responsible for his wife's necessities, whether the couple is living together or not, and the court, not the husband, will decide what does and what does not constitute a necessity.

SAGEBRUSH JUSTICE

BY WAYNE GARD

WILLIAM COZENS, who in 1862 became the second sheriff of Gilpin County, Colorado, picked up a couple of husky horse thieves one afternoon but didn't know what to do with them. Court would not open until the next morning; the county did not yet have a jail; and Cozens' equipment was limited to a Sharp's rifle, a pair of Colts, a few handcuffs and leg irons. The only solution he could think of was to take the prisoners to his home, handcuff them to a post at the foot of a bed, and allow them to sleep on the floor. He did this in spite of the fact that his wife was confined to the bed with a new baby, and what she had to say about it sent him scurrying the next morning to round up enough loafers to build a primitive jail.

Lack of secure jails was one of the chief impediments to the enforcement of statutory law on the frontier. In California, where the gold rush brought a sudden surge of adventurers, the jail problem was especially acute. At Yerba Buena, which became San Francisco, a hungry prisoner appeared before the alcalde one morning, carrying on his back the

door of the calaboose, to which he was chained, and demanded his breakfast. In 1849, desperate San Franciscans bought a dismantled brig, the *Euphemia*, and used it as the boom town's hoosegow. At Sacramento in the following year, the bark *La Grange* was acquired for the same purpose.

Other California towns were in similar straits. Los Angeles kept wrongdoers in an old adobe dwelling in the rear of the Lafayette Hotel. This jail was so insecure that the jailer, George Whitehorn, chained his prisoners — like fish on a string — to a big pine log that extended the length of the room. Contra Costa County built a stone jail in 1850, but prisoners continued to escape. Placer County's jail in 1851 was a log cabin at Auburn. In the next year, W. B. Ide, a justice of the peace at Monroeville, in Colusa County, built an iron cage and placed it in the shade of a tree, thus keeping lawbreakers in the fresh air.

In the plains country, where building materials were scarce, jail troubles were common. Sometimes arrested men were placed in dry cisterns to sober up or to await bail or trial. In

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western Texas, bearded Roy Bean, who brought law west of the Pecos, chained prisoners to a mesquite tree and forced them to sleep on the ground, using gunny sacks as pillows. At Fort McKavett, Texas, late in December 1886, another justice of the peace, John Fleutsch, had a drunken Mexican chained by his neck to a live oak in the public square and left there during a blizzard until, nearly frozen, he was rescued by outraged citizens. At Warner, Kansas, a prisoner was handcuffed to a telegraph pole until sober enough to appear in court. As late as 1906, a Texas Ranger, Frank Hamer, took a drunken cowhand from a Christmas Eve dance at Marathon, at the edge of the Big Bend country, and left him for the rest of the night chained to a nearby windmill.

Sometimes sheriffs boarded their prisoners in the jails of adjoining counties or kept them in their own homes until court opened. In many instances they used places built for other purposes. At Lincoln, Nebraska, the milk house of the county treasurer was used as a lock-up. At another settlement prisoners were chained in a livery stable stall and a newspaper office did duty as a lock-up in at least one town.

Such jails as did exist on the outer fringe of settlement usually were unsafe. Officers hesitated to lock up those accused of major crimes because it was so easy for prisoners to bribe a deputy, to dig themselves out, to tear a hole through the shingle roof,

or to have confederates batter down the door when the jail was left unguarded at night. In 1842 Sheriff David Rusk of Nacogdoches County, Texas, refused to accept from another county men accused of murder; he explained that his jail was "unsafe and insufficient to detain prisoners with security and safety and could easily be broken open, either by prisoners within or by persons without."

Abilene, Kansas, soon after its incorporation in 1869, began building a stone jail; but before the structure could be completed, its walls were demolished by exuberant cow hands. After that, work was resumed under guard. The jail's first prisoner, a lamp-shooting Negro cook from one of the trail drivers' camps on Mud Creek, was quickly rescued by his camp companions, who chased away the peace officers and shot the lock off the jail door. In tumultuous Deadwood, during the Black Hills gold rush in 1877, the jail was a log cabin about fifteen by twenty feet. It sometimes had as many as twenty-five occupants, who took turns lying on the floor.

Early Texas newspapers contained frequent notices of escapes from jail. At Boerne, in 1877, a young scamp, locked up for stealing the sheriff's horse, removed his handcuffs, tore a board off the floor of his cell, and used it to open a window shutter and bend the iron bars enough to allow him to slip through. Once outside, he appropriated a fine horse, with saddle and bridle, and rode off in style. At

Jacksboro, in the same year, three prisoners charged with theft escaped after sawing out two of the jail's ceiling timbers and making a large hole through a weatherboarded gable end of the roof.

Weeks earlier, Jacksboro's newspaper, the *Frontier Echo*, had lamented the frequent jail deliveries of the preceding two years and had demanded a jail "that will securely hold all evil-doers who may be put in it, one from which prisoners cannot escape without complicity of the keeper." Such pleas were made often in the new towns of the Great Plains. Several years after the Jacksboro appeal, the *Frontier*, at O'Neill, in northern Nebraska, asserted: "The crying need of O'Neill is a safe place to put the many drunken wretches that disgrace our streets day and night continually. Let us have a jail at any cost."

Lack of secure jails had been one of the chief incentives to vigilante action; and the vigilance committees, which had hanged scores of horse thieves, dared not disband until there was a reasonable assurance that local prisoners could be held behind bars.

II

Absence of courthouses in which criminal records could be kept safely was another handicap in the enforcement of statutory laws. Often the first courthouse was a log cabin or a crude structure built for other purposes, and sometimes court records were kept in homes. In 1878, the tax

funds of Holt County, Nebraska, were kept in a hollowed cottonwood board in the roof of a dwelling. In Adams County, in the same state, a contractor agreed to build a log courthouse for \$30 and to have it ready in ten days, the county to provide all materials except the windows and the door. In most Iowa counties the first court met in the log cabin of some pioneer settler. A mill served this purpose in one county, and saloons in two others.

In frontier Texas the stealing of criminal records and the burning of courthouses to destroy such records were common practices. The Parker County courthouse at Weatherford was burned by an incendiary in March 1874. Early the next month a roaring blaze consumed the Milam County courthouse at Cameron and all the records it housed. A kerosene jug was found under the courthouse fence; and a Negro arrested for setting the fire was said to have been hired by an indicted white man who wanted to destroy the records in his case. The courthouse and records at Rockwall met a similar fate in March 1875.

This wave of arson continued for several years. In the spring of 1876 the district court in Fort Worth was thrown into confusion by the destruction of all its records. In adjoining Denton County, incendiaries burned the courthouse in Christmas week of that year. When the district court began holding its sessions in the Denton Presbyterian Church, this building was burned in the first week

of the following March, doing away with the indictments of men awaiting trial for cattle rustling.

Several other Texas courthouses were burned within a few months. On the night of April 10, 1877, four horsemen galloped into Castroville, poured coal oil on the records in the courthouse, set fire to the building, and fired sixteen shots at citizens who rushed out to try to stop the flames and save the records. In May, vandals burned the courthouse at Frio. On the night of June 11, the records of all pending criminal cases were stolen from the courthouse at Lampasas, where participants in the bloody Horrell-Higgins feud were under indictment. One night later the district clerk of Llano County, John C. Oatman, who kept the court records in his home, had his residence burned by an arsonist but managed to save the records. In the spring of 1879 the district court was unable to meet in Refugio because the courthouse and its records had been burned.

Even where jails and courthouses were adequate, there was often difficulty in finding jurors who would vote convictions. Many preferred to let their neighbors off, perhaps because they recalled shady activities of their own or because they feared retaliation by friends of the accused. Most early sheriffs and other local enforcement officers did their best, though working under difficulties. Occasionally one was found to be in collusion with lawbreakers, even though usually he did not go as far as

the Montana and Idaho sheriffs who were hanged by vigilantes, the Kansas marshal who tried to rob a bank, or the Texas sheriff who was careless of the brands on the cattle he sold.

III

Some of California's early judges rose to the bench without benefit of Blackstone. Peddling peanuts on the streets of San Francisco in the booming days of 1849 put comfortable sums in the pockets of William B. Almond. Ambitious for "easier work" and still larger income, Almond, with the aid of political friends, induced the governor to authorize a new court, superior to that of the alcalde, and to appoint him judge. In a shanty on the southwest corner of the Plaza, on the Clay Street side near the Monumental engine house, Judge Almond opened his court on December 12, 1849, determined that his fees should keep him in affluence.

The new court, which was confined to civil cases, was not disappointing to the judge. Tipping back his chair and planting his feet against the wall, Almond habitually trimmed his fingernails as he listened to lawyers and witnesses. He seldom tolerated hesitant juries or long speeches that might cut down the number of cases tried in a day. His fees ran high for those able to pay, and such minor items as motions and postponements regularly cost an ounce of gold dust. These payments became so frequent that on some days the judge's table was half covered with the yellow dust.

Those who had criticized an alcalde in 1847 for smoking while holding court, halting in his rulings every half minute to take a puff or two, found even more to complain of in the lack of decorum in Judge Almond's court. On one occasion, when atmosphere and argument were unusually arid, the judge rose from his chair and announced: "The court's dry. The court's adjourned. Let's take a drink!"

Judge Almond's type of court, where decisions were based as much on instinct as on evidence, was not unusual in early California. One man who became a judge had come to the Golden State after being sentenced to a Pennsylvania prison for robbing a bank. Another was habitually drunk, consorted with lewd women and — despite the bribes he accepted — failed to pay his bills. Justices of the peace usually were men who worked at other occupations most of the time. As late as 1877, Vallejo had a sign that read: "C. W. Riley, Dealer in Imported Wines and Liquors and Choice Cigars — also Justice of the Peace."

Drinking in and about the early local courts was common. In one instance, near Placerville, where a miner was charged with assaulting a claim-jumper, the trial did not begin until eleven at night. Every few minutes the presiding justice of the peace adjourned court to allow the court officers, jury, prosecutor, defendant, witnesses and spectators to quench their thirst at the bar of a nearby saloon. When morning came, reported a contemporary historian, "a drunken

lawyer addressed a drunken jury on behalf of a drunken prosecutor; and a drunken judge having delivered an inebriated charge, a fuddled verdict of acquittal was delivered."

Yet common sense and grassroots fairness often went far to make up for lack of decorum and legal training. In general, sagebrush justice was scarcely less fair than that based upon hair-splitting of legal phrases; but sometimes the man on the bench had to resort to drastic means to make his decisions stick. Once, when an unlearned miner serving as justice of the peace was challenged to a fight by a blustering itinerant lawyer, he immediately stepped down from his bench and gave the arrogant attorney a thrashing.

IV

Often it required a long time for the frontier court to make itself feared by outlaws, or even to be taken seriously by law-abiding citizens. When Judge William B. Ochiltree came to the log-cabin town of Dallas, Texas, in early December 1846, he set up court in one of the cabins and empaneled a grand jury that deliberated under a tree and, between sessions, played poker or held mock trials. In one of the mock trials, the grand jury convicted the prosecuting attorney, Thomas W. Blake, of letting down bars by beginning at the top instead of at the bottom and assessed him, as a fine, a gallon of whisky that cost him five dollars. The jurymen then began celebrating and fined Judge Ochiltree two gallons of

refreshment for refusing to obey a summons to attend their party.

Nearly three decades later, Dallas still heard complaints that its courts were not as effective as they were intended to be. In its issue of June 5, 1875, the *Weekly Herald* lamented: "It is fearful to feel that we are living in a community where the courts and juries set no higher value upon human life, to feel that any day you may be shot down without cause and that tomorrow your murderer may be walking abroad in search of other victims." Three months later the *Herald's* editor was still disheartened. In the issue of September 4, he wrote: "The people — the bone and sinew of the country — are losing confidence in the courts and justice. This leads to violence and lynch law."

As the frontier courts became better established and met at regular intervals, their sessions often became social events that competed, to a mild degree, with horse races, circuses and community fairs. Farm and ranch families timed their visits to the county seat to coincide with the court sessions and thus picked up more news and occasionally listened to legal forensics. "District Court meets a week from Monday, and we look for music and fun then," said the *Tascosa, Texas, Pioneer* of May 4, 1889. "Law-breakers will need to look wary on that day, and so will the state, because we look to see the bar represented by nearly all the illustrious lights of the Panhandle."

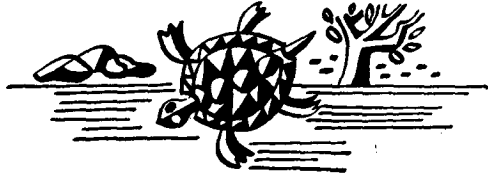
Many of the frontier judges worked

hard; and some, like the circuit-riding preachers, covered broad areas on horseback or in jolting buggies. Writing of the northern Great Plains in the sodhouse era, Everett Dick told of one judge who, in 1866, "left home on Sunday evening, drove his team eighty miles and held court on Monday, during which he sent two men to the penitentiary with the aid of a grand jury and trial jury. He also cleared the docket of 27 civil cases and reached home at Tuesday noon."

Some of the early judges were careless in appearance and informal in procedure. They were less interested in hairsplitting arguments and citations of decisions than in horse sense and grassroots rhetoric. Occasionally they recessed court to allow everyone present to quench his thirst or to enable a pair of belligerent lawyers to continue their fist fight outdoors. Other judges tried, with varying degrees of success, to bring formality and dignity into their courts. One, when confronted at the door of his hotel room in the evening by the sheriff and twelve jurymen ready to give their verdict in a criminal case, had them marched into the courtroom, where he heard their decision read with full formality. In Arizona a territorial judge, who was a stickler for decorum, required all jurors to wear coats. Once, on noticing a juror in shirtsleeves, he sent the offender home after his coat. After three days the juror returned with the garment. His home, the judge discovered, was at Quijatoa, 80 miles away.

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



MEADOWLARKS

A MAN who writes about nature must struggle continually against a tendency of his prose to run off into rhapsody, of the sort commonly called purple. Without a most rigorous and watchful discipline, his language gets to swelling and booming into a cadenced ponderosity, in the worst manner of Emerson; or it goes soaring and singing into a sort of revival-meeting hysteria, in the manner of the frantic utterances of John Muir, as that intoxicated old mountain-worshipper watched a sunrise in the Sierras; or it becomes a kind of lisping and cooing, a prettiness and gurgling, as of the late Reverend Dr. Parkhurst at his most uncontrollably entranced. There can hardly have been any professional chronicler and celebrator of the life of earth, including certainly the contributor of this section of the *MERCURY*, who has not now and again lost control of his language and simply had to let it sing or soar or boom or gurgle in a runaway of enthusiasm. It can make for

lamentable prose; but it can scarcely be helped.

After all, it is no wonder. Dietitians have a tedious way of telling us that "we are what we eat." It is similarly true that we tend to write like what we write about. A dry precision of speech, a tight little accuracy, may be all very well for writing about the procedures of banking. It may be no trouble at all to maintain a strict sparseness and aridity of speech when the subject spoken-of is the operation of tariffs. But a man can hardly give his life to frequenting the hills, striding over them, sleeping on them, watching them by noon and by night, participating in the great slow rhythms of their pine-smelling, boulder-bony lives, without every now and then finding, when he undertakes to write about them, that his prose itself keeps trying to break into hilly sweeps and long mountain-ridgy rhythms. A man cannot very well feel himself swept by the tumultuous emotions aroused when the first spring bluebird sings without feeling also that no carefully controlled prose will serve to contain

this enormous event, and that what he must utter is a singing. What a nature-writer is writing about is nothing less than the elementalism of life itself: the thrust and drive of it, the singing of it, the bloodiness and gladness of it, the infinite depth and distance of it. It is scarcely surprising if, in trying to put it into words, his words sometimes break out in something of the tumbling and sprawling and furious quiver of the thing itself.

What a nature-writer ought to do, probably, is refuse to try to write of certain creatures and natural events at all. The crying of the first spring peepers in the marsh . . . the singing of a hermit thrush in the dim depths of the woods . . . the look of an otter whizzing with almost unbearable delight down its muddy little otter-slide . . . when it is a question of things like that, a writer-naturalist should probably just shut up shop. He should just put the cover on his typewriter, slip quickly away like a fox to the highest promontory on the nearest hill, and just squat down on his haunches and turn up his muzzle and squall.

However. Writing has to be done. It has to be done even when the subject is meadowlarks, which are the suitable subject for "Down to Earth" to cover in this month of April. The meadowlarks have just come back to New England and the northeast now, and their song is clear and sweet over the thawing fields. It goes with the swelling of jonquil-buds, and the gathering of newts in the small sun-

warmed ponds that are free of ice now, and with the mating of wood-frogs and the fruiting of mosses and the first sunning of blacksnakes and the beginning of the blooming of the elms and . . . But there. Behold how prose is already swelling and spilling. If meadowlarks are to be written about at all, it will have to be with the strictest, barest factuality. There can be no trying to say what their call is really like, as it rings out now in April — *tseu-tseer!* — across the Spring-smelling openlands. There can be no trying to speak of the look and feel of the country now, in this season of the meadowlarks' returning. Who would know of these things, let him go out and experience them. Let him stand in a pasture and breathe the damp earth-heavy air into him and let him listen to the meadowlarks and watch them. He will know what is to be known. It cannot be told to him here, lest language, in the attempt, burst its structure altogether and turn into only a "crazè of inexpression."

What can prudently be written is only a little parade of scientific factualities.

II

Meadowlarks are misleadingly named, as are so many of our birds. Most of the warblers do not warble. Our robins are not robins, in the Old World sense, but thrushes. The bird called a water-thrush, on the other hand, is no thrush, but a warbler. Though meadowlarks are in fact frequenters

of the meadows, they are not larks. They are related to blackbirds and orioles. It was doubtless early colonists, remembering England and the songs of the skylarks there, who gave the name meadowlark to this stout-bodied, short-tailed member of the ornithological family *Icteridae* which pours out its flute-sweet call as it flies above our American farmlands.

During the winter months most of the meadowlarks are scattered, individually and in small loosely-knit flocks, through many of the southern states. A few hardy birds winter along the New England sea-coast, and occasional straggling meadowlarks have even been found wintering inland in Vermont and New Hampshire; but meadowlarks are essentially birds that love openness and warmth and sun. In extreme cold, even when there is ample to eat, they usually die. They simply huddle in the snow, like so many small miserable partridges, and stay unmoving until death comes for them. The great majority of the meadowlarks are off by October for Louisiana, Alabama, South Carolina, Texas.

All during the bleak and bitter half-year while our juncos and chickadees are surviving the northern winter, the meadowlarks throng the dry sunny fields and cotton plantations of the south. Then, by the end of March or early in April, they come back to the northern states again; and they bring with them, as every winter-weary farmer feels, a sound in their calling and crying that is so

lovely as to be nearly insupportable.

To be exact, it is the male meadowlarks that first come whistling and perching on the pasture fence-posts. The females do not follow until a few weeks later. This advance flight of the males is usual among many of our migratory birds; for it is the office of male birds to select and claim a territory. They claim it by singing. The male meadowlark sends out his challenging *tseu-tseer!* now from a fence-post on this side of the field, now from a post on the other side, now from the topmost twig of the tallest elm that towers above the territory. It is, exactly and scientifically speaking, a proclamation. It notifies all other male meadowlarks that this particular patch of earth is pre-empted. Disregarded (which it rarely is), the song-claim will be backed by battle.

Toward mid-April or a little after, about the time when the elders are blooming, the female meadowlarks arrive. There are not many more enchanting passages in the poetry of earth than when a male meadowlark flies up on swiftly beating wings to take his mate as she comes sailing in over the territory he has claimed. The two birds can be seen to go fluttering and swirling together in a kind of aerial dance of delight. Together they fly back and forth again and again over the territory where their nest will be built; hovering together, they mount high and drop down into the grass again. There can be heard by an attentive ear, now, an extra-

ordinarily sweet little tinkle of song, something like the music of a bobolink. It is nothing like the strong, clear meadowlark-whistle, or like the chattering that at other times is the birds' utterance of excitement. The textbooks of ornithology contain some dismal efforts to describe it phonetically. It cannot be done. It is a music of courtship, and a music of the soft sweet magic of the spring, and . . . Well.

There is a certain shyness and canniness about meadowlarks. Except when singing from a high branch, they habitually keep their backs turned to an observer; so that it is possible to be familiar with them for years without realizing that they have brilliant yellow breasts, marked by a startling black crescent. Their showy white outer tail-feathers are bound to be remarked, for they are evident when a meadowlark flies; but even these unmistakable markings serve a kind of concealing and deceptive purpose. In flight, the flash of white is what attracts and holds the attention of a hawk. (Or, for that matter, of a man.) It is what he sees plummet to earth when the meadowlark drops down into the meadow-grass. But the instant the meadowlark lights it closes its tail, the white patches vanish completely, and there remains nothing but a dull brown sparrow-streaked back, indistinguishable among the grass-stems. A meadowlark, lighting, can scuttle away through the concealing grass faster than seems possible.

Stealth and secretiveness are at

their maximum in nesting-time. Commonly meadowlarks have two broods, one in May and one in midsummer. The nest of dried grasses, built on the ground in the hayfield, is not an open cup like the nests of birds that build in trees, where there is concealment by foliage. The meadowlark builds a protective roof over her nest, and enters it from the side. As a further measure against the nest's discovery, she has little runways and tunnels, underneath the matted grass, through which she can scurry to and from the nest without being visible from above. Both male and female meadowlarks take part in the feeding of their nestlings. When they are so engaged, their cautiousness is at its greatest. A naturalist early learns that when he sees a parent meadowlark, with a beakful of food obviously intended for nestlings, swoop down purposefully into the tall grass, he can be positive that the place where the bird alights is the one place in the whole meadow where the nest unquestionably is not. Having made its deceptive landing, a meadowlark then goes on foot through the grass, hiddenly, to where the nest really is; and it may be many, many yards away.

So much for the natural history of meadowlarks, as it may be put down in a factual prose. But facts, though they are all very well, are not quite the fullness of what is needed to say what meadowlarks are like, and what their song in spring means to a man who has lived through a northern winter, and what that fluting cry feels

like as it commingles with the smell of the thawing earth. What is needed, to say what meadowlarks in spring are really like, is an evocation of the smell of the brook-pools, and the texture of the elm-blossoms, and the look of the mild evening light through the willows, and . . . It is too bad it

cannot be done, without language running away.

However, no matter. For April is here now in fact, and the meadowlarks likewise; and any man who has a mind to can go out into this unspeakable renaissance and look and listen and take it all for himself.

CHANT OF THE WINDS

BY M. LUDINGTON CAIN

Low in the valley and loud on the hill,
The winds of the world are never still,
And this is their chant, blow they west or east:
Love is a famine or love is a feast.

Like mettlesome horses across a plain
In hoofbeat rhythms of sleet or rain
All men hear them, the greatest and least —
Love is a famine or love is a feast.

Wild are their cadences, strange their song
As they toss cloud manes and gallop along;
The lover hears them . . . the poet . . . the priest —
Love is a famine or love is a feast.

The winds of the world seek here, seek there
Flinging their challenge everywhere,
Yet, hearing, when ever has lover's vow ceased? —
Love is a famine or love is a feast.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE HORSES

BY ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

BY MAKING a lifelong study of race horses and the mathematics of betting, the writer has managed to collect a profit for the last twenty years. My profit, however, has averaged only 20 per cent of all money I have bet — a modest amount which would certainly not appeal to the player who expects to get rich quick.

That player, unfortunately, never realizes the fact that *99.9 per cent of all people who bet on the horses lose money steadily and inevitably*. The more they bet the more they lose. There is no way that anyone who has not made betting on the horses a lifetime career can avoid losing.

Yet today it is estimated that 5 million people attend the races at 57 tracks in 23 states either occasionally or regularly, and that many millions more bet with bookmakers away from the tracks. This horde of gamblers is still growing, for no racing fan can refrain from bragging about his winnings — while remaining silent as a giraffe about his losings. Newspapers all over the country give a lot of publicity to spectacular winnings. Everybody has heard of cases where

a \$30-a-week clerk invested \$2 in a daily double and collected \$8000. If this man could do it, why can't everybody?

And almost everybody will sooner or later meet the man who has an infallible system for picking 'em: he bets on the favorite, doubles up on the next favorite if the first one loses, and so on until he gets a winner. Anybody can see for himself how many favorites win at the tracks. How can such a system lose?

Well, *nobody* can possibly pick three winners out of four races over a period of time. Nor has *anybody* yet invented a "system" which will not eventually go bankrupt.

If ever a game was rigged against the player, horse racing is it. Under the pari-mutuel system of wagering used in this country, all money bet on a race is put into a pool to be divided among the holders of winning tickets. But before the money is given to the winners, a percentage is taken out by the track and by state and local taxes. The "take," or amount deducted, runs between 6 and 15 per cent of the entire pool, depending on state

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law. This sounds like a harmless fee for the winning bettors to pay for the privilege of cashing their tickets, but its effect is disastrous.

Suppose that patrons of a New York City track, where the take is 15 per cent, bet exactly \$100,000 to win in a certain race. Before the money is distributed to the winning bettors, \$15,000 is deducted, leaving only \$85,000. Now suppose that the race is won by a long shot on which only 2500 \$2 tickets have been sold. Without the take, each ticket would be worth \$40 (\$100,000 divided by 2500). The take, however, reduces the value of each ticket to \$34 (\$85,000 divided by 2500).

If the winner is a favorite on which 25,000 \$2 tickets have been sold, the "price" or value of each winning ticket should be \$4. The take cuts this figure to \$3.40. In the betting to "show" (run third), the effect is often even more drastic. A horse on which the track actually pays only \$2.10 to show — that is, a profit of ten cents on a \$2 bet — would have paid anywhere from \$2.30 to \$2.40 if there were no take.

Note how this cuts the lucky bettor's profits. In the case of the winning long shot, it works out mathematically that the track gives him only 84 cents for every dollar he should have won. On the favorite, he wins only 70 cents for each dollar he should have won. On show horses, he may win as little as a quarter for each dollar he should have profited.

This is the main reason almost no-

body can win on the horses. How long can you continue matching dollars if your opponent takes your full dollar when you lose but pays you only 84 cents, 70 cents or just a quarter when you win?

It has been my observation in a lifetime of playing the horses that only one tenth of one per cent of all bettors can go up against the ruinous effects of the "take" day after day and come out with a profit. Furthermore, the few who do make money have no system which the other 99.9 per cent can buy or discover. They simply have become so expert at handicapping the horses through years of full-time study that they can pick enough winners at good odds to make more money than the mutuel "take" steals from them.

II

Being a successful handicapper requires much more mathematical skill and knowledge of horses than most players could acquire in a lifetime. It also requires much more self-restraint than most players have. The successful handicapper has to be content with small profits. He does not try to get rich but only to make a living. He has to have the will power to refrain from betting at all during the winter months — say from about November to May — when most of the really good and consistent horses are being rested. Even in the summer months, when the best horses are running, he can bet only about one race out of every ten — in the knowledge that

the other nine are run by horses so closely matched or else so inconsistent as to be impossible to handicap.

The successful handicapper leads a lonely life — there is no one to whom he can turn for help. Newspaper selectors, the men who handicap for racing papers or scratch sheets, the program handicappers at the tracks or the touts who sell their cards outside the tracks — none of these ever beats the game. Anybody who follows their selections is bound to go broke.

A magazine called *Turf and Sports Digest* regularly prints a tabulation of how well the published handicappers are doing. Its tabulation for the first eight months of 1947 showed that anybody betting \$2 on every horse picked by the most successful handicapper would have lost \$863. If he had followed the handicapper with the worst record, he would have lost \$1384.

This happens every year. One reason is that these men try to pick winners in every race, although nine out of every ten races are absolutely "unpickable" under any logical system of handicapping. Another reason is that the selections of these men have a great influence on the people who bet at the tracks. As track patrons flock to the mutuel windows to bet on the horse selected by their favorite handicapper, they drive the odds down far below the horse's real chances to win.

There are no "sure things" on a race track. Just as the world's championship baseball team sometimes loses to the team in the cellar, so the

best horse often loses to his inferiors. It is an old-saying in racing that there are hundreds of ways for the best horse to lose. He may be caught flat-footed or rearing at the start and thus be left at the post. He may be bumped off stride. He may stumble. He may lose his rider, or the rider may have the whip knocked out of his hand. He may get pocketed behind other horses or have to go so far to the outside on the turns that he loses too much ground. A race may be fixed, or the owner may be running a horse just for the exercise and not to win, planning to "shoot" with him later at bigger odds.

Even the most expert handicapper can hope to get no more than two winners out of every five tries over a period of time. Therefore he has to catch his winners at fairly good odds so that his profits on two winners will more than make up his losses on three losers. If all his selections are odds-on favorites, or go off at even money, he is bound to lose.

The good handicapper can figure out about how much chance his horse has of winning, and will refuse to bet unless the odds are equal to the hazards. But almost every horse selected by a majority of the handicappers read by the public is bet much more heavily than he should be. If the horse is that rare thing, an animal which really has an even chance of winning, he will be bet down to two or three to five. If he is a five-to-one hazard, he will be bet down to three-to-one or four-to-one.

III

A good example of betting down occurred in 1937, when I published a book explaining a simple formula I had worked out for beating the horses consistently. The formula, based on the sound handicapping principle that a few good horses each year are such consistent runners that they may be said to have the habit of winning, was reduced to such an elementary mathematical form that any reader of the book could apply it. In brief it stated that any horse who had won a third of all his past races while running "in the money" in at least half of all his starts was a good bet any time he ran against horses of the same class which he had been meeting.

Before I published the book the formula had shown consistent profits for more than five years. After the book came out it suddenly began to lose. The formula continued to result in the same high percentage of winners as before, but so many people began playing the winning horses that the odds dropped too low to permit profit.

The same thing is bound to happen to any successful handicapper whose methods of selection are made known to the public. For example, one of the shrewdest and most diligent handicappers of all time is Fred Keats of the New York *Mirror*, who confines all his efforts to trying to pick the winners at a single New York track in the summer and a single Florida track in the winter. Even though Keats tries

to pick every race — an obvious impossibility considering the kind of cripples and no-goods which appear in most contests — he does phenomenally well. Yet he always shows a loss, because the public's faith in him drives the odds on his horses down below the point of their real chances. If Keats kept his ideas to himself, he might make a small but steady profit betting on his selections. As it is, neither he nor his followers can win.

Many horse players, even among the 99.9 per cent who lose, manage to have a good time at the sport and never get hurt very badly. These are the people I call "harmless bettors." They go to the races once every week or so during the season in their community, pick their own horses or follow a good newspaper or racing sheet handicapper, bet to win only and never bet more than \$2 a race — except for an occasional \$5 or \$10 flyer when they are ahead for the day. At the end of the year they are always behind, but never enough to ruin the family budget. All things considered, they have probably had as much fun losing their money at the track as they would have had spending it.

At the opposite extreme is the dyed-in-the-wool race-track sucker, who exists in great numbers. He is convinced that fortunes are made at the race track every day. In a vague way he realizes that most people lose. But he believes that he will be the exception — if only he can get the right "information."

The sucker lives in the hope that

some day he will stumble onto some advance dope that will make him rich. He buys all the newspapers, form sheets and scratch sheets and pays a quarter each for all the tipsters' cards in red, green, orange, yellow and purple, that are being peddled outside the track. He also listens with awe to all the "hot tips" that are being exchanged among the bartenders and purveyors of hot dogs at the tracks. From this bewildering mass of misinformation he tries to extract a winner in every race — and when he finally makes his choice he bets much more than he can afford.

The sucker loses all the money he can scrape up or borrow. Eventually, as his losses mount, he becomes an easy victim for the vicious parasites of horse racing. He reads a tout "ad" in a cheap newspaper or turf magazine which "guarantees" a winner in return for a \$10 fee. (The guarantee only states that if the horse loses the tout will keep giving tips until one of them finally wins.) On the strength of this inside information, he borrows money on his automobile — and he loses again.

Racing makes suckers out of many men who are sensible in every other respect. Successful businessmen and successful doctors have been fleeced out of their lives' savings by touts who posed as jockeys or as the owners of a sure thing. The late Boss Tom Pendergast of Kansas City, a hard-headed man in most transactions, lost as much as \$50,000 a race on supposedly inside information fed to him

by self-styled experts who didn't know a horse's withers from a fetlock. As a matter of fact, it was Boss Tom's betting losses that finally made him try to cheat on his income tax and landed him in the penitentiary.

IV

Dan Parker, the tough-minded sports editor of the New York *Mirror*, once devoted a whole column to making fun of the outrageous pretensions of a New York tout who was charging suckers \$2 a day for his phony inside information. But the public's reaction was amazing. In the very next mail Parker began receiving a deluge of letters begging for the tout's address. The letter writers enclosed a total of \$600 for forwarding to the tout.

Perhaps the most tragic player of all, however, is the man who tries to follow a system. He handicaps the horses himself or follows the advice of a reputable selector. He may be aware of the devastating effect of the "take" and may have learned to confine his wagering to "win" bets only. (Because the "take" strikes harder at place bets and hardest of all at "show" bets, anybody who visits the place or show windows is simply throwing his money away.)

The system player, however, has built a little mathematical knowledge and the hope that springs eternal in the human breast into the fallacious theory that he can beat the game with a slide rule. He works out a formula for betting a certain amount on the first race, more on the second, still

more on the third — and so on until he finally gets a winner, or perhaps two winners in a row which will wipe out all his losses and give him a profit.

The system idea is certainly seductive; it sounds as if it could be made to work. Moreover, it is possible to work out various methods of progression that will “stand up,” as gamblers say, over quite a long period of time — say a hundred races, or even a thousand. Even the system of doubling up on favorites, which is the crudest and most frequently used of all, will sometimes show a profit for a considerable while.

Yet, no matter how ingenious the system, the day of reckoning always comes. The man who doubles up on favorites will sooner or later run into a succession of days when the favorites just can't win, and his capital will vanish at a phenomenal rate. If he starts with a \$2 bet on the first race, bets \$4 on the second, \$8 on the third and so on, a succession of ten losers would cost him \$2046, and a succession of fifteen losers would cost him the fantastic sum of \$65,534! And at Gulfstream Park, Florida, twenty-two favorites lost successive races!

Nobody will ever devise a system of progression betting which can last out the inevitable losing streaks that every handicapper suffers. Even the best and most conservative handicappers — the one tenth of one per cent who pick the horses well enough to make money at it — often have streaks in which they go 10, 15 or even 20 races without hitting a win-

ner. Under any system of progression such a losing streak will bankrupt the player.

There is no way to avoid losing streaks. Some people follow good jockeys — but last year a first-rate jockey named Eric Guerin rode 75 consecutive losers! Some follow post positions. But this is the most hazardous method of all. In fact, the only sure thing about any system is that the player who follows one is doomed.

My advice to anybody who plays the horses is this: unless you are doing your own handicapping, and picking so many winners at such good prices that your selections would show a profit on a \$2 flat bet, you are bound to lose money, no matter how you juggle the amounts of your bets. You are also bound to lose money if you bet on favorites, jockeys, post positions or the selections of any newspaper handicapper or tip sheet. You can cut down your losses by keeping your bets small, betting “win” only, and betting the same amount on every race no matter how lucky you feel.

You can also cut your losses if you have the patience to “sit out” all races for maidens (horses that have never won a race) or for horses valued at less than \$1500. These horses are as unpredictable as a spring breeze.

But don't expect to make money. Except for the select one tenth of one per cent of bettors who make a successful profession of the horses, racing is just a form of entertainment for which the patrons have to pay.

THE RECORD CABINET

by HOWARD L. GOODKIND

SONATAS FOR HARPSICHORD AND VIOLIN, by Bach. *Columbia*, MM 719, 14 records, 2 albums, \$21.50. This two-volume collection of Bach's six sonatas for violin and harpsichord is a musical education in itself. It warrants careful study because it features an instrument that went out of fashion with powdered wigs and minuets — and also because it brings into prominence rarely heard compositions of great beauty. In these works we hear the harpsichord not as an accompanying instrument, as it was so often used, but as an active partner to the violin. Each instrument shares equally the thematic presentation and development of the composer's ideas. The slow movements are ingenious blendings of two strikingly different effects — the leisurely smoothness of the violin and the neurotic plucking of the peripatetic harpsichord. It is Bach at his best — the period when he composed his monumental Brandenburg Concertos and the 48 preludes and fugues. We have once again proof that the incomparable German composer had probably the keenest insight of his time into the capabilities of the instruments for which he composed. Another great master, Mozart, took his cue from Bach later in the century when he composed his sonatas for violin and harpsichord. It is to the credit of harpsichordist Ralph Kirkpatrick and violinist Alexander Schneider that they have succeeded so admirably in performing these difficult Bach masterpieces. If there is any criticism of this set — and it is only a very minor one — it is that the violin sometimes overshadows the less powerful harpsichord.

THE MINSTREL BOY, Christopher Lynch. *Columbia*, MM 722, 4 ten-inch records, \$4.85. After expecting the worst, I was surprised to find this collection of Irish ballads quite delightful. Although the old stand-bys, *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling* and *A Little Bit of Heaven*, have been included to assure a good reception in record stores, there are seven other songs which are charming examples of genuine Irish folk-music. Norman Lockwood deserves a special nod for his

imaginative scoring (flute, harp and cello) and his unusual arrangements. The only feature of the album that may cause trouble is the choice of Christopher Lynch to sing the ballads. I do not find his high, soprano-like voice too disturbing, but there is something irritating about his "saccharine" style. Mr. Lynch has been publicized as another John McCormack. He is far from that.

ETUDES, by Chopin. *Victor*, DM 1171, 8 records, \$9.00. Those who spend a good deal of time attending piano recitals have probably been waiting for this album. It is a truly magnificent performance of all the Chopin études by the talented pianist, Alexander Brailowsky. As one of our finest Chopin interpreters, Mr. Brailowsky was the logical choice to make the recording. These works of inspiration have been concert hall favorites almost as long as they have existed, and the complete set (Opus 10, Opus 25 and the 3 *Nouvelles Etudes*) makes a remarkable collector's item. As Mr. Brailowsky turns from one mood to another, he displays not only superb technique but also rare insight into the subtle qualities of the études. He never loses his grip on the listener and the imagination of Chopin is always matched by the interpretation of this master pianist. Robert Casadesu, another artist of the first rank, tried his hand at a Chopin sonata in a recent album (*Columbia*, MM 698), but he lacked the enthusiasm and spirit of Mr. Brailowsky. While the Casadesu album was adequate, the final spark of inspiration that should ignite a Chopin performance was missing.

KREISLERIANA, by Schumann. *Columbia*, MM 716, 5 records, \$7.10. Another good piano album is Claudio Arrau's performance of Robert Schumann's obscure collection of studies called *Kreiseriana*. (It should be noted at once that this work has no connection with violinist Fritz Kreisler.) The collection was composed when Schumann was 28 years old and it passes as a musical portrait of a fictitious character called Johannes Kreisler, who was invented by E. T. A.

Hoffmann, the German writer. Actually, it is much more than program music. The pieces are delicate, richly melodic and introspective outgrowths of Schumann's love for his wife, Clara, and his romantic personality in general. Their mood is ethereal and poetic — material perfectly suited to Mr. Arrau's style.

INTERPLAY, by Gould. *Columbia*, MM 289, 2 records, \$3.35. The Ballet Theatre has featured its dance interpretation of this sparkling tidbit in seasons past, and *Interplay* has taken its place as a favorite among ballet enthusiasts. This album offers the collector an opportunity to judge the music on its own merit. Morton Gould has revealed time and again his mastery of the art of syncopation — the same quality that helped to make Gershwin's music so popular. I am inclined to believe that Mr. Gould's talent is too one-sided, but this particular album has its good points and as long as he continues to produce clever items like *Interplay*, there will be room in record cabinets for his work.

FRENCH OPERATIC ARIAS, Maggie Teyte. *Victor*, MO 1169, 3 ten-inch records, \$3.10. Arias from seldom-performed late eighteenth and early nineteenth century operas are performed in this album by the celebrated Madame Teyte. If you have heard her in person you already know how wonderful her inimitable style is. If you have never heard her at all, by all means buy this album and enjoy some of the finest singing of our time. Each song is a delight, and Madame Teyte performs them with infinite delicacy. Particularly pleasurable are the arias from Pergolesi's *La Serva Padrona* (French version) and Monsigny's *Rose et Colas*.

VIOLIN CONCERTO, by Khachaturian, *Concert Hall*, A-N, 4 records, \$9.00. It is difficult to draw any conclusions about Aram Khachaturian, the young composer from Soviet Armenia who has made such a stir of late in the music world. At first hearing his works are attractive and his theme development seems sound. But there is always the feeling that what one hears is merely a slick veneer that will eventually wear off, leaving only a vapid, meaningless interior. While it is true that an important quality of music is its

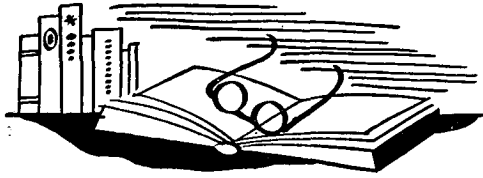
purely auditory appeal, one usually has the right to demand more of the composer. It has been said that Khachaturian studied his native Armenian music carefully before embarking on a composing career. Each of his works brings forth further evidence that he has more than studied this folk music — his work is actually little more than folk music that has been orchestrated.

As far as the performance is concerned, the recording is excellent. The concerto is handled dexterously by violinist Louis Kaufmann, who is hailed as the unknown virtuoso who has played on 300 moving picture sound tracks; the Santa Monica Symphony under Jacques Rachmilovich accompanies him.

FESTE ROMANE (Roman Festivals), by Respighi. *Columbia*, MM 707, 3 records, \$4.60. This is the last in a series of three tone poems by the late Ottorino Respighi, composed to glorify Rome. The first, *The Fountains of Rome*, was composed in 1916; the second, the *Pines of Rome* was completed eight years later; and the third, *Roman Festivals*, was published in 1929. Respighi has drawn impressive musical images in his attempt to convey the spirit of four of the Roman holidays that captured his fancy. His broad, lyric passages are reminiscent of the music of Rimsky-Korsakov with whom he studied in Russia. When Respighi presents the Circus Maximus of ancient Rome, you can hear the lions roar and feel the terror of the Christian martyrs. The performance by the Philadelphia under Mr. Ormandy's direction is excellent.

SYMPHONY NO. 4, by Beethoven. *Columbia*, MM 705, 4 records, \$5.85. Although the Toscanini recording of this work is certainly as fine as anyone could desire, it is good to hear this new interpretation by George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra. Mr. Szell is one of the most sincere and most capable Beethoven interpreters alive, and as the new conductor of the Cleveland organization he should soon be producing many interesting albums. It will be a long time before the patrons of Carnegie Hall will forget his performance of the *Eroica* two years ago. In these records, the fourth symphony has received a clean and sprightly performance. This is Mr. Szell's first American recording as a conductor.

THE LIBRARY



THE MAKING OF THE CONSTITUTION

by **BEN RAY REDMAN**

THE struggle for independence had been won, and the members of the revolutionary coalition now faced the world as a victorious confederation of thirteen sovereign states: the United States of America. But the problems of peace were proving no less perilous than those of war. Tom Paine had been wrong when he had assured readers of the last number of his *Crisis* that "The times that tried men's souls are over." Freedom was achieved, but freedom was already threatened with extinction. Hopes were running high, but fears were their companions; and it was precisely the wisest men of the community who were the most fearful. What would it profit to have fought a long, laborious war, if local anarchy were the upshot? What would the united effort of the states be worth, if disintegration of the union were its final outcome? And the threats of anarchy, of disintegration, were real and imminent, and not to be ignored.

In the face of them, some men called for a national dictator, while others clamored for disunion and self-sufficient local government. Plans of revolt were hatching, schemes of usurpation were afoot. The drift towards chaos, which had begun before the war's end, had rapidly accelerated thereafter. Widespread financial distress had been met in several states by the quack remedy of non-convertible paper money, and the resumption of foreign trade had served to drain such foreign specie as there was from a country which had as yet no national coinage of its own. State jealousies flared over commercial and territorial prizes, with resulting border clashes and, finally, the virtual cessation of interstate trade; for New York raised tariff barriers against Connecticut's wood and New Jersey's farm produce, while Pennsylvania and Connecticut at one time verged on war.

A disaffected soldiery, unpaid and mutinous, capable of making Congress flee in the night from Philadelphia to Princeton and thence to New York, had been disbanded to mingle with a disgruntled population. Moratoriums

were declared and taxes remained unpaid, while farmers tried to make merchants accept worthless paper at face value by threatening to starve city dwellers into submission. It is true that banking institutions were being established, with considerable success, in Philadelphia, New York and Boston; that commerce with the Dutch was looking up; that the China trade was being born. But these bright lights on the horizon are more visible in retrospect than they were in the 1780s. Then they were obscured by clouds that were black and overwhelming, productive of a general gloom that was only slightly deepened by the continued presence of British troops in frontier posts that should have been abandoned, and by the existence of France and Spain as North American neighbors.

At the heart of the whole mess, of course, was Congress: that Continental Congress, first assembled in 1774, which had managed to perform comparatively powerful acts before its powers were finally defined and ratified, in 1781, and which thereafter dwindled steadily in strength until, with its dying breath, it followed the lead of the more vigorous states in authorizing the Convention of 1787. This Congress, which lacked both executive and judicial authority, which could only beg for money from the states instead of being able to raise it by taxation, which could neither recruit troops nor fix tariffs, which could not execute the treaties or enforce the laws of its own making;

this wraith of a congress, in short, was as helpless at home as it was impotent abroad, as contemptible in America as it was creditless in Europe.

The inadequacy of the Articles of Confederation had been known to thinking men from the time when the ink with which they were written was first sanded, and they had no sooner been ratified than a "committee to report on needful changes" was appointed. Such leaders as Washington and Hamilton, Jay and Jefferson and Madison had placed their fingers squarely on constitutional defects and urged that vital alterations be made.

There were already many Americans who wished to be able to stand up before the world as citizens of a strong, proud nation; an American nation, capable of assuming and maintaining a respected place in the society of nations. That economic interests played a part in the shaping of the Constitution, there can be little doubt, but their activity was limited, and such historians as Charles Warren are right in emphasizing the important rôle of nascent patriotism; that force which, for better or for worse, has been so powerful a spring of human action in so many lands and ages.

"On February 15, 1786," Warren informs us, "a Committee of Congress reported that the crisis had arrived when the people of the United States . . . must decide whether they will support their rank as a nation, by maintaining the public faith at home and abroad; or whether, for

want of a timely exertion in establishing a general revenue and thereby giving strength to the Confederacy, they will hazard not only the existence of the Union, but of their great and invaluable privileges for which they have so arduously and so honorably contended."

In September of the same year, a convention met at Annapolis, with a view to correcting the mounting evils of interstate commerce. Only five states responded to Virginia's call for delegates, and nothing was done to better American trade conditions; but the agile Hamilton seized the opportunity to draft a recommendation that another meeting of states' delegates be convened, with the avowed purpose of so revising the Articles of Confederation as to make them "adequate to the exigencies of the Union."

As a result of that recommendation, with the approval of Congress, there were soon gathered together at Philadelphia "a number of gentlemen, containing among themselves an amount of political sagacity such as has seldom been brought together within the walls of a single room." These gentlemen, who were to "perform an act of constructive statesmanship" of which "history afforded no example," were members of the famous Convention which sat in the "long room" of the State House in Philadelphia, with two brief recesses, from May 25 until September 17, 1787; and which finally adjourned to the City Tavern, *sine die*, only after it had argued and hammered into shape,

article by article, section by section, and phrase by phrase, the original seven articles of the Constitution of the United States.

When the delegates convened in Philadelphia, they brought with them conflicting interests, varied allegiances, and contradictory political theories. There were many, and among them great leaders, who believed in the possibility of a strong federal republic; but there were others (and they could quote such diverse authorities as the King of Prussia and the Dean of Gloucester) who were convinced that no single republican government could successfully serve so vast a territory as that of the thirteen states.

The most ardent local patriots, men like Sam Adams, Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee, were not present in the assembly, and it was well that they were not; but the small states were from the first aligned resolutely against the large. In the Continental Congress every state enjoyed equal voting power, and the smaller states were determined that this equality should be maintained, while the larger states argued, with considerable reason, that voting power should be proportionate to population. It seemed impossible that there could ever be agreement between a Luther Martin, whose tireless eloquence was dedicated to states' rights, and a James Wilson, who saw no "danger of the States being devoured by the National Government," but wished, on the contrary, "to keep them from

devouring the National Government."

North and South, too, were at odds, for there was a wide diversity of sentiments among a Connecticut that was slaveless, a Virginia that wished to stop any further importation of slaves and a South Carolina and a Georgia that held continued importation to be essential to their economies.

Lines of division ran even through the individual delegations. From New York, for example, came Alexander Hamilton, who believed in the strongest possible central government (some said he favored monarchy), but whose vote was outweighed by those of Yates and Lansing, who represented the selfish, separatist views of Governor Clinton.

Then, also, there was the fundamental rift between the timid and the brave. Congress had blessed merely a revision of the Articles of Confederation, and the credentials of most delegates empowered them to accomplish nothing more than revision. Yet when the Virginia Plan was read, the plan that was to furnish the basis of long and fruitful arguments, it became apparent that there was present a powerful body of opinion which favored and deemed necessary nothing less than the creation of a brand new constitution.

Faces quickly showed alarm and timorous voices spoke, but Mason spoke with greater effect when he declared: "In certain seasons of public danger it is commendable to exceed

power. The treaty of peace, under which we now enjoy the blessing of freedom, was made by persons who exceeded their powers."

Some men asked: What will our constituents think? Will they ever ratify decisions so bold? But others answered: We cannot tell what our constituents will ratify or what they will not. But, working as representatives not of single states but of the people as a whole, we can frame the best constitution of which we are capable. After all, we are not legislating; we are merely shaping an instrument of government which will be submitted for approval to Congress and the people of the thirteen states, and which will be open to improvements. And if we cannot learn to compose our differences now, we may never have another chance.

II

The questions over which differences might and did arise were nearly numberless. Should the executive branch of the government consist of one or more individuals? If one, how long should his term be, and should he be eligible for re-election? By what machinery should he be elected? What should his powers be? And should he serve with or without emolument?

What should be the composition of Congress? Should members of the upper house be elected by and from members of the lower? What should be the length of the senatorial term? If states were to be represented on the basis of population, should a slave

count as a whole man, a fraction of a man, or no man at all? In which chamber should money bills originate? In what branch of government should powers over interstate commerce repose? What should be the nature of the judiciary? Should the executive and judiciary possess combined power of legislative review and revision? Should representation be based in part on wealth? Should Congress be enabled to tax exports? What provision should be made for the admission of new states to the union? Should the Constitution be submitted for ratification to state legislatures or to special conventions?

Day by day and point by point, week after week and month after month, in secret sessions from which few echoes found their way to outside ears, with Washington in the chair and Franklin potent in the rôle of a watchful and conciliatory elder statesman; the delegates pursued their task, advancing, retreating, postponing, reopening old questions for further discussion, and often despairing. On July 8, Hugh Williamson wrote to James Iredell: "The diverse and almost opposite interests that are to be reconciled occasion us to progress very slowly." And two days later, Washington wrote to Hamilton: "In a word, I *almost* despair of seeing a favorable issue to the proceedings of the Convention, and do therefore repent having had any agency in the business."

But the delegates were dogged, many of them apparently agreeing

with Mason, who declared that he would rather bury his bones in Philadelphia "than expose his country to the consequences of a dissolution of this Convention without anything being done." The smaller states might have wrecked the Convention by walking out when they felt most impotent, but they did not walk out. An idealistic or, indeed, a politically minded delegate might have brought all to confusion by violating the rule of secrecy and issuing an appeal to the people, but no such appeal was made. Instead, a great deadlock was broken by a great compromise, while minor differences were composed by minor accommodations and adjustments. The men of 1787, working with what James M. Beck has called "a sad sincerity," persisted against odds until they had produced a Constitution which represented a clear-cut victory for no state, section, party, faction or individual. As a result, no delegate was wholly satisfied with the finished product of their labors, but most of them hoped that they had wrought well. As Franklin wrote to his sister, they had done their best, and the instrument they had created must "take its chance."

Three days after the Convention's adjournment, the new Constitution was presented to the Continental Congress. Eight days later, Congress transmitted the document, without recommendation, to the states. And less than a year after that, following debates that varied in bitterness from state to state, eleven states (two more

than the essential nine) had proved by ratification that the work of Philadelphia had not been done in vain.

III

Undoubtedly this is one of the greatest chapters of American history, and it is one that has been written often. The Convention worked in secrecy, without which it would almost certainly have failed; for statesmen operating in the public view cannot readily retreat from positions boldly taken, cannot easily compromise even when wisdom decrees such action, cannot suffer conspicuous loss of face. As Beck has remarked in this connection, "a statesman ordinarily cannot act wisely under the observation of a gallery, and especially when the gallery compels him by the pressure of public opinion."

But, although many delegates preserved the rule of secrecy until death, the Convention had no sooner adjourned than certain aspects of the debates in the "long room" began to transpire through conversations, letters, articles, orations, and ratification arguments. Formal publication, however, was delayed until Monroe instructed his secretary of state, John Quincy Adams, to compile and edit the *Journal* of the Convention, entrusted to and preserved by Washington. Published in 1819, with many mistakes because of careless and confused records, this journal proved "little more than daily memoranda" of the baldest sort. And when Robert Yates, of New York, made public his

Notes in 1821, he provided illuminating information regarding the attitudes of some delegates; but these notes were of limited range, and they ended on July 5.

Then, in 1840, there came a great burst of light. More than half of *The Papers of James Madison*, edited in three volumes by H. D. Gilpin, proved to be devoted to the debates of the Constitutional Convention, of which Madison had kept regular and copious notes, supplemented by written material furnished him by a number of his colleagues. Madison's *Debates* immediately became the great authority in its field. But work remained to be done, and it was left to Max Farrand to do most of it.

Farrand determined to bring together, "in trustworthy form," all available source material for study of the 1787 Convention. Working largely from manuscripts, between 1902 and 1909, he soon found that one of his most important and difficult tasks was to establish the correct original text of Madison's *Debates*, with which its author had tinkered considerably on publication of the *Journal* and Yates' *Notes*. In preparing his *Records of the Federal Convention*, Farrand decided that it was "best to adopt the plan of gathering together all the records of each day's session, and of allowing each record for that day to remain complete by itself." In other words, in Farrand's volumes, Madison's daily record is supplemented in every case by juxtaposed records from other hands — Yates,

King, Mason, Hamilton, McHenry, Pierce, Paterson, Pinckney — whenever they are available.

First published in three volumes in 1911, this great work of creative editing was revised, corrected, and furnished with a supplementary volume in 1937. And, writing in popular but still scholarly vein, Farrand also dealt with the making of the Constitution in *The Framing of the Constitution of the United States* (1913), and *The Fathers of the Constitution* (1921).

Following Farrand and the day-by-day method of presentation, Charles Warren gave us his compact and excellent *The Making of the Constitution* (1928); Charles Beard produced his cogent but one-sided *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States* (1913); Beck's handy *The Constitution of the United States* was edited for school use (1927); and Arthur Taylor Prescott performed an invaluable service, in *Drafting the Federal Constitution* (1941), by rearranging and supplementing Madison's notes in such fashion that all debates on individual items (such as the executive branch) are brought together, so that the positions and shifts of the delegates, and the gradual advance towards final agreement, can be more conveniently studied than in the day-by-day records.

IV

And now the story is told again in Carl Van Doren's *The Great Rehearsal* [\$3.75, Viking Press], which has been chosen by the Book of the Month

Club for distribution to its many tens of thousands of members. This is a happy event, not because this new book contains any new facts or insights (its previously unpublished material consists of one comparatively unimportant letter) but because its wholesale distribution will thrust the story of the Constitution in front of eyes that may have previously ignored it, even when presented in versions as simple as that of James Beck.

Mr. Van Doren, as he notes in his acknowledgments, has leaned heavily on Farrand for the records of the Convention, and on Jonathan Elliot, Hugh Blair Grigsby, and other authorities for the history of ratification by the individual states. He has spiced his narrative with an occasional tidbit from his long and wide reading in the literature of the Revolutionary period, but he has modestly held his own comments and interpretations to a minimum, and he has been content to employ an even, unemphatic prose style, which permits the drama inherent in his subject to emerge without the help of a literary midwife. It may be regretted, in view of the audience he has reached, that he did not furnish his book with a preliminary chapter dedicated to clarifying the historical situation which underlay the Federal Convention; but his readers will probably investigate this for themselves, if they are not already familiar with it. So one can only congratulate the Book of the Month Club members on the wisdom of their judges, and Mr. Van Doren on the success of

his accomplishment; and suggest that *The Enduring Federalist* [\$4.00, Doubleday], edited and analyzed by Charles A. Beard, is an ideal companion volume for *The Great Rehearsal*. The papers in which Hamilton, Madison and Jay sought to sell the new Constitution may not have had the immediate effect often credited to them, but it may still be said truly that they "are the classic commentaries on the Constitution, and collectively form one of the most acute studies of the science of government in the literature of any country."

Finally, a word must be said regarding the analogy that is suggested by Mr. Van Doren's title, and explained in his preface: the more than dubious analogy between 1787 and 1948, which has encouraged some wishful thinkers of unquestionable good will to believe that the Federal Union affords a precedent by which the United Nations may profit; that, if union of the states was possible, then world government is possible.

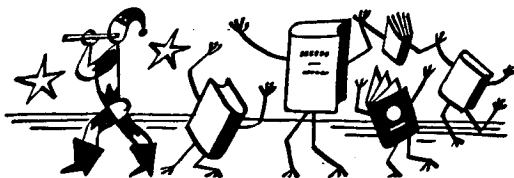
Of course, Mr. Van Doren is too well informed and too wise to press an analogy that is incapable of bearing pressure. The states were all English in speech, mainly English in blood, Christian in religion, and the heirs of common traditions and a common way of life. Their governments "were all similar, and the political ideas of the one were perfectly intelligible to all the others." All dwelt in the sunlight of the English common law, enjoyed the same judicial systems, and lived in accordance

with numerous pre-revolutionary British and colonial statutes. Their legislatures were alike, with all but two of them consisting of an upper and lower chamber. Even before the Revolution, they had experimented with the benefits of cooperation, and had contemplated unity. Four New England colonies had been joined in a defensive league for some forty years. As early as 1697, William Penn had suggested a pan-colonial union; and in 1754 Franklin had submitted concrete proposals for such a confederation.

Juxtaposed, if not united, under a common government, the thirteen colonies had combined to throw off that government, and then, shortly afterwards, had combined again to substitute a new common government for the one against which they had revolted. They had been British colonials together: now they were Americans together. As Jay declared in the second *Federalist* paper, it was cause for rejoicing that "Providence has been pleased to give this connected country to one united people."

No, Mr. Van Doren does not press his analogy, but it would be a pity if his mere presentation of it led readers, less intelligent than himself, to invest any faith in it. To hope for the best can never be wrong; but to rely upon hope, devoid of reason, is the way to disaster. Those who would believe in the possibility of world government must look to the future for their inspiration. The past has none to offer.

THE CHECK LIST



(Continued from page 389)

and they obstruct technological advances in industry. In the long run, he insists, they do not even benefit most of the manufacturers and farmers they are designed to protect. Like all of Mr. Villard's books, this one is incisive, informed and readable.

BIOGRAPHY

HENRY WALLACE, *The Man and the Myth*, by Dwight MacDonald. \$2.50. *Vanguard*. Henry Wallace is dragged over the coals here for 187 pages by one of the liveliest journalists and pamphleteers now operating. The results are devastating. Mr. MacDonald portrays his subject as a humorless, unbalanced egomaniac, suffering from what might be called a "messiah complex," whose abilities as a thinker and courage as a fighter have been overrated even by his opponents. There are no wild, undocumented charges: Mr. MacDonald buttresses his interpretations with hard facts every inch of the way. Altogether a superb job.

THE CASE OF RUDOLF HESS, edited by J. R. Rees, M.D. \$3.00. *Norton*. This volume was produced cooperatively by eight British and American psychiatrists who treated Hess from the time of his landing in Britain in 1941 to the Nuremberg Trials. Their accounts have been woven together by Dr. Rees with the assistance of John Dickson Carr, the mystery writer. Hess, the psychiatrists report, was technically not insane, though he had gone through several psychotic periods. He was suffering from intermittent attacks of amnesia, had a rooted persecution complex bordering on paranoia (it was im-

possible to persuade him that his warders were not poisoning his food), and was a confirmed hypochondriac and food faddist. He expected, when he landed in England, to be treated as a hero; when he was instead placed in confinement he became convinced that King George had sold out to the Jews. A fascinating psychiatric case study.

PROPHET IN THE WILDERNESS, by Hermann Hagedorn. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. The first major attempt to explain Dr. Albert Schweitzer's ideas addressed to a popular audience. It is very good in every way, clear, comprehensive and well written. Mr. Hagedorn rightly emphasizes Dr. Schweitzer's basic ethical idea of the need for abiding Reverence for Life.

DAVID LILIENTHAL, *Public Servant in a Power Age*, by Willson Whitman. \$3.00. *Holt*. It should be clear by now that David Lilienthal is a liberal and a democrat and a thoroughly decent man, but the pious eulogy which Miss Whitman heaps upon him at every turn is a bit too much: there is a limit to virtue. Miss Whitman's enthusiasm for her subject actually prevents her from telling the reader anything very specific about Lilienthal's social and economic philosophy. The reader is given only a generous assortment of quotations which reveal that Lilienthal is well grounded in all the clichés, platitudes and vapid rhetoric of modern liberalism. One suspects he is actually a better man than that.

ADMIRAL HALSEY'S STORY, by William F. Halsey and J. Bryan. \$4.00. *Whitlessey House*. This is the biography of the much-publicized Fleet Admiral of the American Navy. It is obvi-

ous from the book that Admiral Halsey got considerable relish from his wartime activities in the Pacific. There is, however, a good deal of "plain talking" about the incompetence and bungling that accompanied our war effort. It is hard to say whether there is much of value in the book.

CONFESSIONS OF A CONGRESSMAN, by Jerry Voorhis. \$3.50. *Doubleday*. Mr. Voorhis was a Democratic congressman from California from 1936 to 1946. He was generally regarded as a member of the "liberal" camp, but, as this book reveals, his approach to politics was empirical rather than ideological. If one is to believe his account (and it rings true) his congressional career was one long agony of soul-searching. Mr. Voorhis explains in detail the reasons that led him to take this or that position on congressional reform, the Neutrality Act, revision of the Federal Reserve laws, the cooperative movement and several dozen other matters. He was a member of the Dies Committee for several years, but gradually became disillusioned with some of its tactics: his chapter on this matter is perhaps the only section of this pleasant, rambling book that will be of much immediate interest.

HISTORY

THE GREAT FOREST, by Richard G. Lillard. \$5.00. *Knopf*. This interesting addition to Americana is concerned with the destruction of the great woodlands which once covered most of the Eastern United States and a good part of the West. The account of the lumber barons' political conniving is at times as lively as a pulp thriller. The book is splendidly illustrated and has a good bibliography.

THE SEA AND THE STATES, by Samuel W. Bryant. \$5.00. *Crowell*. This maritime history of the American people is the first volume in a series which will tell the story of America's growth from various points of view. The present work should be useful as a reference book, but it is essentially a re-hash of material already available, and some of Mr. Bryant's statements (such as his assertion that the Norsemen were the first Europeans to reach America) have been antedated by modern research. Any seafaring men

who read the book are likely to be irritated by the author's frequent use of such landlubber jargon as "drop anchor," "put together with wooden pegs" and the always offensive "knots per hour."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

I SAW POLAND BETRAYED, by Arthur Bliss Lane. \$3.50. *Bobbs-Merrill*. Mr. Lane was United States Ambassador to Poland from 1944 to 1947, and his observations carry the weight of authority. And yet he has turned up surprisingly little new information. He reports on the Soviet refusal to help the Warsaw uprising in 1944, on the Katyn Forest massacre, on the diplomatic background of the Yalta settlement, on the rigging of last year's election — but all of this has been told before. Perhaps the most interesting passages in the book are those describing President Roosevelt's part in formulating our Polish policy. Mr. Lane quotes a letter written to him by the President of the Polish-American Congress, who had interviewed Roosevelt: "President Roosevelt in his talk with me expressed distrust of Stalin, having been fooled by him, as he stated, on a number of occasions. He plainly indicated that he was fearful that Stalin might again collaborate with Hitler. . . . The President let it be understood that once Hitler was defeated, he would know how to handle Stalin."

SOVIET RUSSIA, *The Land and Its People*, by Nicholas Mikhailov. \$3.50. *Sheridan House*. Mr. Mikhailov, who is described by his publishers as "the Soviet Union's most eminent geographer and historian," has written a long, turgid rhapsody to the Soviet land, people, economic system, leaders and weather. Every aspect of Soviet life touched upon by the author is discovered to have its own peculiar beauty; even the pumps in the oil wells "hum merrily."

HOW TO STOP THE RUSSIANS WITHOUT WAR, by Fritz Sternberg. \$2.00. *John Day*. Mr. Sternberg certainly has the best book title of the year, but he has not got much else. He has, like most Marxists, a tendency to see political problems mainly in economic terms; and we get the impression that winning the cold war is primarily

an economic problem, which can be solved by being "more progressive" than the Russians. (This despite the fact that all of Stalin's expansion so far has been achieved through political-military, rather than economic, methods.) A dogmatic book, written more in the style of a manifesto than a reasoned argument.

FINLAND AND WORLD WAR II, edited by John H. Wuorinen, Ph.D. \$3.50. *Ronald*. Dr. Wuorinen, a professor of history at Columbia, has manifestly turned up something important. The manuscript of this book, as he explains in an introduction, was received in the United States in 1945. It appears to have been written in Finland about a year previously. The anonymous author, or authors, must, judging from the detail in which the story is told, have been high in the Finnish government. The book is concerned mainly with the vicissitudes of Finland's policy-makers from about the time of Munich to September 1944, when the final, disastrous armistice with Russia was signed. No attempt is made to whitewash the Finnish government, but it is made abundantly clear that neither the first nor second war with Russia was desired, and that Finland kept as free of Nazi ideology as any nation in her position could possibly have done.

THIS IS MEXICO, by Evalyn Grumbine McNally and Dr. Andrew McNally. \$4.00. *Dodd Mead*. Forty pages of this book are devoted to a thumbnail history of Mexico from Cortés to the present, but its main value lies in the 130 interesting photographs which the authors took. These pictures, together with an informal commentary, make this volume a generally appealing introduction to Mexico which should be especially suitable for tourists.

MUSIC

MUSIC AND WOMEN, by Sophie Drinker. \$6.00. *Coward-McCann*. Amazed at the scantiness of musical compositions that have issued from women, Mrs. Drinker embarked upon a massive study of what women actually have accomplished in musical creativity throughout recorded history. The resulting volume contains a tremendous amount of information on women

singers and instrumentalists in pre-Christian days, in classical times, in the Middle Ages and in more recent times. Her area of investigation includes the Orient, "civilized" society and various religious communities; and she also discusses women's musical activities in times of war. Mrs. Drinker thinks that women "have deep, and as yet in our world, untapped reservoirs of imaginative power." It is not wholly clear what should be done to help women reveal their creative reservoirs. Mrs. Drinker has written a valuable book, though one wishes she had used the blue pencil more often. There are many illustrations.

THE MUSIC OF SIBELIUS, edited by Gerald Abraham. \$3.00. *Norton*. This is a collection of eight learned essays on Sibelius the man and the composer. His symphonies, his other orchestral and theatrical music, his chamber and piano music, as well as his songs and choral works are discussed in great detail. There is also a profound analysis of Sibelius' general style. At the end are a chronology, a bibliography, an indexed list of compositions and a group of musical examples. All the contributors clearly know their subject and all reveal much skill in literary composition. One only wonders whether the Finnish composer is worth all the attention. Is he really the greatest master since Beethoven, as some admirers claim?

FROM BEETHOVEN TO SHOSTAKOVICH, by Max Graf. \$4.75. *Philosophical Library*. The title of this book does not describe it correctly, for there is little actual criticism here of the works of any composer from the days of Beethoven down to our own time, nor is there much of a biographical nature. The book is more in the nature of a psychoanalytic study of the composing process. As such, unfortunately, it is mostly pompous rubbish. Mr. Graf rides two hobby horses: religion and sex. He thinks that virtually all musical composition can be explained in terms of one or the other — or of both. He says that "when religious forces weakened," music, and in fact all art, sank to "virtuosity, to brilliancy without spiritual depth, to theatrical subjectivism." As for the part played by sex in music, Mr. Graf says categorically, "Eros, which in all life is the generative and creative principle, created music."

THE CONCERT COMPANION, by Robert Braga and Louis Biancolli. \$7.50. *Whittlesey House*. The art of writing program notes for orchestral organizations has reached considerable heights in the United States. The late Philip Hale of Boston wrote program notes that were both excellent criticism and first-rate musicology. The late Lawrence Gilman and Pitts Sanborn of New York were almost as gifted. The two authors of the present book, which is largely made up of their notes for the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, are very able young men with considerable learning and a very respectable portion of critical penetration. They deal with 162 composers and more than 500 of their works. Messrs. Braga and Biancolli write clearly and never sink to over-"humanizing" the musicians or their compositions. All in all, a very fine, up-to-date and useful volume for both professionals and amateurs.

THE ENCYCLOPEDISTS AS CRITICS OF MUSIC, by Alfred Richard Oliver. \$3.00. *Columbia*. For a long time music historians looked with contempt upon the musical criticism of the French Encyclopedists. Not one of them, it is true, had much standing as a professional musician, yet, as Mr. Oliver amply proves, as a group they wielded a powerful, and generally a good, influence upon European and especially French composition in almost every form. Mr. Oliver's book is addressed chiefly to professional musicologists, who will find it of high scholarly value. There is a massive bibliography followed by a detailed index.

THE ASCAP BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF COMPOSERS, AUTHORS & PUBLISHERS, edited by Daniel I. McNamara. \$5.00. *Crowell*. Mr. McNamara has compiled a very valuable reference book. It is a Who's Who of virtually every composer, performer and music publisher in the country. Not only are living musicians listed, but also deceased writers and composers whose works are still in copyright, for example, Fats Waller, George Gershwin, Victor Herbert, and Henry Hadley. The book is divided into five sections: Alphabetical Dictionary, Members by Birthplace, Members by Birthday, Members by Residence and Publisher-Members.

FOLK LORE

PAUL BUNYAN, by James Stevens. \$3.00. *Knopf*. This is a new, slightly revised edition of what is easily the best of all the folk lore books published in this country in the past 25 years. "Futile dabbles," to quote Mr. Stevens' phrase describing certain Ph.D.'s in American literature, have tried to prove the magnificent legend "a hoax," but in their very attempt they have revealed the "pale blood" that runs in their veins. Here, the reader will find all those wonderful creatures — Hels Helsen, Timekeeper Johnny Inkslinger, Cream Puff Fatty, Hot Biscuit Slim, Babe the Blue Ox, and, of course, the incomparable Paul Bunyan himself. Mr. Stevens tells of their heroic lives as only he can tell them, which is to say, perfectly. Many sections of the book originally appeared in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*.

FEBOLD FEBOLDSON, *Tall Tales from the Great Plains*, compiled by Paul R. Beath. \$2.75. *Nebraska*. Febold Feboldson, the Big Swede "who had the stamina of a twenty-mule team in an alkali desert," was the Paul Bunyan of the Great Plains. The tales about him deal with his massive victories over tornadoes, hostile Indians, floods and other such phenomena of the Western country. They make gorgeous reading for all who love genuine Americana. Mr. Beath's collection seems to be the first about Febold to reach the general reader. He seems to have done a very able job. The illustrations by Lynn Trank are excellent.

FICTION

OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS, by Truman Capote. \$2.75. *Random House*. The 23-year-old Mr. Capote has achieved something of a reputation as a short story writer and as a "colorful" person. This is his first novel. It is about a young boy who leaves one Southern community, where his divorced mother has died, for another where his ailing father, who has remarried, is living. The usual Southern characters, including old darkies and seedy females, both young and old, walk and jump and meander through the book, which barely has a story —

and, unfortunately, barely a living character. Mr. Capote writes an English, which of late has, strangely enough, been called "brilliant." For example: "Greedy moths flattened their wings against the lamp funnels. . . . But a queer sound interrupted: a noise like the solitary thump of an oversized raindrop, it drum-drummed down the stairs-steps." Mr. Capote is quite adept at such fancy language, but unhappily he is not adept at injecting warmth and meaning and credibility into his men and women, all of whom seem to be the product of a drug store.

THE NEIGHBORS, by Virginia Sorensen. \$3.00. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. This is clearly a novel with a message to it, but the point is rather obscure. The story concerns one John Kels, a high school teacher in Denver who leaves his job and takes his family to live on a sheep ranch. He is neither an attractive nor a dynamic character: a good deal of space is given over to his unhappy attempts to find a philosophy. Kels is an enemy of all forms of orthodoxy who finds meaning only in something nebulously referred to as "the Purpose." His family, meanwhile, goes through a vast amount of adversity, sickness, death, love and matrimony.

MISCELLANEOUS

ASHES AND FIRE, by Jacob Pat. \$3.25. *International Universities*. The subject of Mr. Pat's book is Polish Jewry — what is left of it — in the postwar world. The book is written simply and informally: it consists, for the most part, of thumbnail profiles of the Jews he met in Poland last year, the stories of their lives in the ghettos and death camps. The 80,000 Jews who survived the slaughter are still not secure, he reports. The Polish people are rotten with anti-Semitism, and murders of Jews are a regular occurrence. (Mr. Pat tells the heartbreaking story of the Polish partisans who turned on their Jewish comrades and murdered them in the hour of liberation from the Germans.) A moving book.

POEMS FOR MEN, by Damon Runyon. \$2.50. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce*. True-blue Runyon fans will be delighted to discover that their idol's best-known poems have at last been rescued from

the oblivion of scattered anthologies and back newspaper files and presented in a compact, handy format. They will find here not only the characteristic Runyon odes to the color and clamor of the Big City, but also generous samplings of verse dealing with the prize-ring, the ball-diamond, the race-track and men at war. A strain of sentimentality creeps in occasionally, but the prevailing note is one of matter-of-fact realism. Writing in clipped, gruff ballad style about his familiar card-sharps, crap-shooters, jailbirds, jockeys and doughboys, Runyon mostly eschews any inquiry into the deeper meaning of it all, content to present a sharply-etched picture of life as he found it, without apologies or regrets.

MORE INTERESTING PEOPLE, by Robert J. Casey. \$3.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. As any devout movie-goer will attest, the average newspaperman spends the best part of his time tapping telephone wires, peering through key-holes, climbing through transoms and playing ingenious practical jokes on his colleagues. In this hilarious sequel to his earlier collection of journalistic anecdotes, *Such Interesting People*, Mr. Casey, with tongue fixed firmly in cheek, presents a wealth of additional substantiation of this belief. At any rate, what his stories lack in verisimilitude, they easily make up in entertainment value, with the reader the ultimate gainer.

THEIR SEARCH FOR GOD, *Ways of Worship of the Orient*, by Florence Mary Fitch. \$3.00. *Lothrop, Lee & Shepard*. The many who found *One God* eminently fair, simple, and an absorbing account of Judaism, Catholicism and Protestantism, will find the present account of five Oriental religions equally fascinating. Mrs. Fitch discusses only Hinduism, Confucianism, Taoism, Shinto and Buddhism. She does not include Islam, because, in a sense, it is not an Oriental religion but "a daughter religion of Judaism." Mrs. Fitch's general point of view is the following: "Those who know most about religion recognize that no people, no country, no age has a monopoly of faith, truth and goodness. The simple, deep desires of all people are the same; the fundamental religious truths are universal and therefore the more compelling." There are many excellent photographic illustrations.

THE OPEN FORUM



TRUTH AND PROPAGANDA ABOUT FRANCO'S SPAIN

SIR: It appears that the pages of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* are always available to any writer who is anti-Franco, or anti the present Spanish régime.

We would like to know just a few things more about this Melanie L. Pflaum, the author of "Franco's Spain." [See the January issue.] What is her nationality, her religion, her political affiliation or sympathies for Communism? Has Melanie L. Pflaum never heard of the intense religious prosecution waged under the former Nationalist Spanish régime, of the hundreds of churches burned and destroyed, of the thousands of Catholic priests murdered in cold blood? When will America and the United Western nations come to realize that Franco's victory in the Spanish Civil War was a God-send and blessing to the Western World — but to them still apparently beyond realization and appreciation? Who were the so-called Nationalist forces of Spain but the tools of Red Russia? If it were not for a Franco victory there would today be one more nation with a Red puppet government whose strings would be pulled from Moscow. When will the people learn what is propaganda about Spain?

ANTHONY KELSCH

Greencreek, Ida.

SIR: Yes, when will they?

My forebears came to this country from France more than a hundred years ago. That qualifies me to write about Spain, 1948, doesn't it, Mr. Kelsch?, for if they had come more recently or from somewhere else, I would be less competent on the subject.

May I refer you to Emmet John Hughes' book, *Report from Spain*, for the answer by a well known Catholic writer on the subject. Mr. Hughes, a Catholic, Lord Templewood — better known as Sir Samuel Hoare — and the writer agree that

every day that Franco stays in power increases rather than decreases the possibility that Communists will get control of Spain. In a police state like that of Spain today, conspiratorial groups thrive and liberal or moderate groups die.

Communists prefer Franco to a moderate Republican régime in which they would be a negligible minority. (There was one Communist deputy in more than 500 deputies in the last Spanish Cortes.)

No one who lived through the Spanish Civil War will disagree with Mr. Kelsch on the subject of atrocities committed. But they were committed on both sides — on the Loyalist (which Mr. Kelsch refers to as Nationalists — the name preempted by the Insurgents) side by elements which the government, having been deprived of its law-enforcing machinery (the civil guard and army), could not control and on the Insurgent side by the governing forces themselves.

Russian aid to the Loyalists was paltry indeed compared to the really effective aid given to Franco by Hitler and Mussolini. But Red domination of the Republican government toward the end of the war was due to power which this outside aid gave to the Communists over all the other groups, since the democratic countries had embargoed the shipment of arms to the legally constituted government of Spain.

It is to prevent a violent revolution which would bring in Communist domination of Spain that many Monarchist and Conservative groups, as well as liberal ones, now seek a formula by which a peaceful change could be effected in the present Spanish régime. Possibly a restoration of Don Juan to the throne under a constitutional monarchy will be the answer.

MELANIE L. PFLAUM

Evanston, Ill.

DEMOCRACY IN ENGLAND

SIR: In "The Soap Box" for January, Lewis W. Conover states that 52 per cent of the American people don't know that England is a democracy. When democracy is twisted around to apply to monarchs and their retainers it loses its meaning.

Will Mr. Conover be so kind as to tell us when the English voters have elected a House of Lords, viscounts, earls, dukes or a king?

REX BISON

Richmond, Cal.

ROYAL SUCCESSION

SIR: Mr. Prentiss Wolcott, in the February MERCURY [See "The Soap Box"], raises the question as to whether or not a male heir would supplant Princess Elizabeth, if such an heir were born [to the present Queen] subsequent to the death of George VI — which latter occurrence may God Forbid!

I think there is a law, written or unwritten, or perhaps merely a custom, that forbids the formal accession to the throne of a female sovereign until eleven months after the demise of her male predecessor. She would, to all intents, be "proclaimed" Queen, but the formal coronation would be postponed.

Incidentally, the present Queen Elizabeth is "Queen Consort" and not "Queen of England." The last "Queen" was Victoria, and the sovereignty is "of Great Britain and Northern Ireland" — not of England alone. In the present case, sovereignty is in the person of the King — and his consort is "Queen" by courtesy, but has no status of an official nature.

J. L. CLIFFORD

Bakersfield, Cal.

DR. SCHWARTZ ON EYES

SIR: I should like to tell you at this time that the article "Facts and Legends about Eyes," by Dr. Louis H. Schwartz, which appeared in your December issue, was one of the finest articles I have read in any recent periodical. . . .

PHIL W. OPPENHEIMER

New York City

SIR: I have just read Dr. Louis H. Schwartz's article . . . with great interest and find it to be true and accurate, but with one exception.

In his article he says, "actually an optician does nothing but make lenses."

An optician does not "make" lenses. The glass factory makes the lenses and the optician buys them, either as rough glass from three to twelve millimeters thick, or as finished lenses in certain corrections which are uncut and about 50 millimeters round.

The optician also grinds these lenses to the doctors' prescriptions and completes the glasses so that the patient is able to wear them as soon as the glasses are adjusted to the face, which the optician also does.

I hope Dr. Schwartz will see "eye to eye" with me on this statement.

EDWARD PEVOS

Detroit, Mich.

SUPPORTING THE CITIES

SIR: I read Sam Shulsky's article ["The Financial Plight of Our Cities"] in the January MERCURY with a great deal of interest, as I have had some experience in municipal finance.

It will help Mr. Shulsky very much and add to his education if he will just investigate Grand Rapids, Michigan, where he will learn how to finance a city without placing a big burden on the home owner.

He mentions Dallas, Texas, as a town having trouble getting funds, and it is so. But Dallas, like this little town, is cursed with a Chamber of Commerce that is entirely dominated by that most vicious bunch of commercial pirates, the "utilities."

I think Sam is a little mixed up when he says the country owes the city. The city would not be there if it was not for the country that surrounds it. New York would not be so commanding if it were not for the part of the United States that lies west of the Allegheny Mountains, where the wealth is produced that supports New York. . . .

W. H. GOODYKOONTZ

Temple, Tex.

SIR: Mr. Goodykoontz evidently is speaking from personal experience when he turns thumbs up on Grand Rapids and thumbs down on Dallas. But . . . *Moody's*, the bible for those who invest in municipal bonds, gives both cities an "A" rating, which is third from the top in a nine-class scale. As for statistics, Mr. Goodykoontz might be interested in the following: Dallas, in the year ended September 30, 1946 (cities aren't nearly as prompt in telling their story to the taxpayers as they are in collecting taxes), had an income

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of \$32.5 million against disbursements of just under \$30 million. This is not bad as many big cities go. Grand Rapids, a much smaller operation, covered its bills in the year ended June 30, 1946, by a much smaller margin — it took in \$2,593,000 and spent \$2,569,000. What is more, \$786,211 of that income, or nearly 30 per cent, was in the form of state aid; whereas Dallas' help from the state was only \$2,333,000, or less than 8 per cent of its income. However, I'm sure Mr. Goodykoontz still likes Grand Rapids. As to his present home, Temple, Texas, there are no statistics available. Temple either owes too little money or is too secretive to get into the official manuals.

As to the old city-versus-country controversy: I'm a hick myself, and I know you can't grow the staff of life in Chicago's Loop or even in the flower gardens of Radio City (New York). But I know this too: (1) that portion of rural America which is close enough to the big cities to have any connection with them is valued in inverse proportion to its distance from the city; and (2) no real estate man ever got a high price for a building near Boston Commons because it was only x miles from Truro.

If Mr. Goodykoontz wants to put a sales or consumer tax on the city dwellers who spend their summer holidays in the country — as an antidote to the coming city taxes — he has my approval.

SAM SHULSKY

New York City

SIR: The article about our cities being nearly broke causes one to wonder. Why? Here is one reason among others. Millions upon millions are spent for commercialized amusements, graft and corruption, liquor, crime and lawlessness, obscene literature, etc. One wonders how radio comedians and crooners can get fabulous sums, movie actors incredible incomes, etc. . . . There is a moral flaw in American living that is going to run into some sad grief ahead. It all adds up to one thing, **IDOLATRY**, or undue emphasis upon sports, automobiles, dress, etc., and this is robbing real, true and good life of its just dues. Millions for that which is not bread, but not enough wherewithall for essentials and necessities. Americans must worship at the shrine of their idols at all costs.

PAUL BRINKMAN, JR.

Portland, Ore.

VARIETY IN SEX RELATIONS

SIR: The lively and refreshingly candid discussion of the double vs. single standard in sex morals in "The Open Forum" in recent-months

encourages the belief that we are likely, ere long, to shed our prudery and false puritanism, and deal with sex as we do with other vital human activities. An open and sober mind can hardly fail to reach the conclusion that the institution of monogamy is undergoing radical reform, and that, at least in metropolitan communities, where snooping is unpopular and difficult, moderate sexual promiscuity is the rule, not the exception. . . .

The emancipated, independent, self-supporting girl or woman, like the average male, craves variety in sex and increasingly satisfies that craving.

Recent scientific studies by courageous scholars and researchers have startled a good many people who had imagined vain things and uncritically entertained outmoded ideas about sex. Many brides today are not virgins, we have been told. Many married women take lovers. Most husbands in the upper and upper-middle classes support mistresses and patronize the superior brothels. Many, of course, are deterred from doing this by circumstances, but the will and desire are there. That is what counts. . . .

Blinking and dodging will not do. Let us clear our minds of cant and irrational fears, and the heavens will not fall if we decide that variety in sex is safe, proper and beneficial.

VICTOR S. YARROS

La Jolla, Cal.

MURDER AT HARVARD

SIR: As a resident of Cambridge, I have found Stewart Holbrook's "Murder at Harvard" [in the February *MERCURY*] of particular interest. Professor Webster's fame, however, is far more reaching than was indicated by the author. Students at the Harvard Law School find that the *Commonwealth v. Webster* case is the first one studied in the criminal law course. In addition, the decision by the court was based on an early English ruling which held that an intentional killing is presumed to be murder unless it is proved (from evidence cited by the state or the defendant) there was provocation, excuse or justification. The modern English ruling, which is preferable . . . leaves the burden on the state to prove absence of provocation, etc., beyond a reasonable doubt, thereby overruling the earlier decision.

Thus in the true tradition of education, the professor is remembered by successive generations of students, long after he has passed on.

HARVEY GREENFIELD
Harvard Law School, '50

Cambridge, Mass.

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